

XVIII A - Sardanian

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Dorothy Shenkman

Narrator--Hilma Harral--left Finland in 1900

Hilma Harral, the informant, dates her recollections from 1885 to 1900. Her father was a prosperous landowner whose properties extended over a considerable territory in the swampy lands of Northern Finland. The Harral farm, like others in the region, specialized in dairy products, with rye, oats, and barley as secondary crops, and ~~was~~ ^{to carry on the work} extensive enough to have its own mills, and to require as many as forty laborers, and six hired girls ¹ during the harvest. In addition to the holdings cultivated under the direct supervision of the father, part of the land was rented to four peasant families. Although the rent was paid in labor on the landlord's property, instead of in cash, there was no servility in the tenant's relation to the owner, as in other parts of Eastern Europe. When the tenant moved away, if he had built his own house, the landlord was obliged to reimburse him at a fair price.

The butter produced on the Harral farm was of such superior quality that a state college was established there to propagate the science of butter-making. Twelve girl apprentices considered themselves fortunate to learn ~~one~~ of the most highly respected trades in Finland. Their fine product was packed in barrels and shipped directly to England.

An equality in social relations was characteristic of life on the farm. Meals were served ^a ~~at~~ ~~one~~ long table where the workers, hired girls, and family sat together. The children of the tenants, workers, and landlord shared equally their work and play. The men cared for the horses, and the cows, as the most precious animals, were ~~entrusted to~~ the special

responsibility of the women. Work was a sacred thing for everyone, and Hilma learned that if she wanted to read, she had to suspend her book over the spinning wheel to avoid interruption of her spinning and carding. While all the girls of the household worked at their wheels, in the evening, the grandmother told stories, or the mother sang folk-songs.

In accordance with a Finnish custom, the Harral family derived its surname from the property it occupied. With each new residence, the family name changed. ~~H~~ Hilma's grandmother was a bright woman despite a lack of education, ~~as the~~ local and served ~~a~~ doctor and midwife; physicians were unknown to those isolated regions. Her father was a man of some education. His religion, like that of all Finns, was Lutheran, but for this he had to a large extent substituted Tolstoyan philosophy. The mother's religion was more conventional, and though she did not regularly attend church, Sundays were devoted to reading the Bible. ~~H~~ The children were forced to go to Sunday school, but their jaunt was picturesque. The girls lifted their top skirts, thereby serving the double function of preserving the upper garment, and revealing numerous and beautiful petticoats. All went barefoot, slinging their shoes over their shoulders. *Drawing near to the village* On arriving, they pulled down their skirts, ~~and~~ put on their shoes, and squeaked into church. Oddly, the squeakier the shoes, the finer they were considered.

Though the Harrals were well-to-do farmers, their four children did not secure education beyond that of the elementary public schools. In fine weather the children walked the three miles to school barefoot. A certain degree of education was of special importance for all Finnish children, as no marriage certificates were granted unless both the bride and groom

responsibility of the woman. Work was a sacred thing for
everyone, and Missa learned that if she wanted to read, she
had to earn her own money over the evening hours to avoid
interference of her relatives and friends. While all the
girls of the household worked at their work, in the evening,
the grandmother told stories, or the mother sang folk-songs.
In accordance with a Hindu custom, the family deity
derived its name from the property it occupied. Missa's
new residence, the family name changed. Missa's
grandmother was a Hindu woman, despite a lack of education,
and served as doctor and midwife; physicians were unknown in
those isolated regions. Her father was a man of some education,
his religion, like that of all Hindus, was Hinduism, but for
this he had to a large extent neglected his education.
The woman's religion was more conventional, and though she
did not regularly attend church, Sundays were devoted to reading
the Bible. The children were forced to go to Sunday school,
but their parents were not interested. The girls liked their
shirts, thereby saving the double function of preserving the
upper garment, and revealing modesty and beautiful patterns.
All went well, although their eyes were over their shoulders.
In the morning, they pulled down their skirts, and put on their
shawls, and appeared in the church. Still, the education was
more, the time was wasted.
Though the Hindus were well-to-do farmers, their four
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miles to school. A certain degree of education was
at special intervals for all Hindu children, as no Hindu
could be considered a Hindu unless he had the Hindu religion.

could read and write. In remote districts, where there were no schools, house-to-house schools were conducted by traveling teachers.

Hilma feels sorry for her children raised in this country, because they are deprived, in American city life, of the kinds of carefree pleasures which she enjoyed as a girl in Finland: games, tending the animals, picking berries, ^{all these} shared by groups of farm children. She recalls with particular fondness her native landscape, a flat country covered with forests of birch, fir, and pine, and abundant with wild flowers. She could find no English word to properly describe the midnight sun.

The attitude of the Finnish people toward animals is particularly interesting. Cows were considered valuable enough to tend and house magnificently; the minister preferred them to all other gifts. When Hilma stole five little birds from a nest and showed them at home, she was severely punished, and made to restore them at once. The sale of a favorite stallion, although at tremendous profit, was a painful incident for the entire family.

The minister, though considered necessary to the lives of the people, was not ~~shown the~~ regard accorded to the blacksmith, the most respected citizen in the community. To quote a common Finnish saying, "It is better to be hated by the minister than by the blacksmith". There was recognition of the mercenary manner in which the business of God is often transacted in the saying, "as bottomless as a minister's back". The blacksmith, on the other hand, was awaited with anticipation, and the best cheese-makers were put to work before his arrival, at harvest time

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to prepare a fine cheese for him.

Particularly interesting is the immaculate condition in which humansbeings, animals, and habitations are kept. Before a workman will accept work at any place he verifies the fact that there will be a steam bath at his disposal. Every day he must have his steam bath, and there is always elaborate steam-bathing before holidays. An illustration of the attitude toward cleanliness, thrift, and work, is the tale handed down to Hilma by her grandmother: A man with a daughter married a woman with a daughter. The woman, like all Finnish women, was an efficient soul, and her daughter, in consequence, was more able to understand the functions of womankind. The two girls vied with one another in performing their tasks, but the mother naturally favored her own child. One day they were kneading bread and the mother said to the girls, "When you have finished, wipe your hands on the calf's back". There was a barrel of water nearby from which the calf drank, and the clever daughter washed her hands in the water and wiped them on the calf's back. Thus the water contained added nourishment for the calf from the dough; the calf's back was clean because water had been wiped over his back; and the bright daughter's hands were dry. The stupid daughter took her step-mother literally--wiped the dough off on the calf's back. Thus the calf was dirty, the girl had hair sticking to her hands, and the calf was deprived of added nourishment.

The holidays, Hilma delightedly revealed, were many in Finland--so many that she had time to tell of only a few. In general, many of them are remnants of the days when Finland was under the Catholic church, and correspond in time, if not in content, with those in Catholic countries.

Midsummer comes on June 25th. For days in advance everything is scrubbed with sand, so that the sun may find it gleaming. All the rooms are decorated with flowers, and a fragrant type of leaf scattered on the floors. Fir branches are strewn on the porches, and the paths in the courtyard are lined with birch branches. Feasting, dancing, and singing continue for innumerable hours.

Christmas is a very festive occasion; the usual steam-bathing precedes the day of Christmas Eve. This holiday, as do all Finnish holidays, lasts for two days. Everyone goes to church, and, upon leaving, there is racing in the sleighs. On Christmas Eve presents are distributed in a unique manner: the door is left wide open, ~~and~~ the present thrown in, and the name of the of the recipient called out. The donor's identity remains a matter of guess-work. There is a Santa Claus known as Joyli Pukki.

New Year's is likewise celebrated for two days and prepared for with ~~ax~~ mass steam-bathing. One of the customs in connection with the other festivities is that of melting tin. The tin is melted, poured on the snow, and fortunes told, based upon the shape the tine assumes, as for instance, ~~boats~~ mean a sea voyage.

The Eve of Easter reveals another quaint custom. It is the time when young girls can see their sweethearts if they apply the proper ritual. Two mirrors are placed opposite one another and candles are set between them. Amidst the myriad reflections the figure of the sweetheart appears.

Other types of ceremonies are abundant. One of the most interesting is the funeral celebration. In Hilma's time, eating, and singing in honor of the dead sometimes extended for a week.

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Hilma came to America in 1900, not because of any economic motive, but to satisfy an adventurous spirit. Her first sight of this country brought immediate regret. The entire landscape itself was so unfamiliar, and the language so strange, that she wanted to return immediately; only pride and the dread of being laughed at by her family prevented her. To prove her independence, she secured a position as cook in the home of a small town politician, and was treated with very little respect or consideration by her employers. The work was so difficult that she wore the skin off her fingers after the first week's employment. She was allowed very little to eat and was regarded as a ~~very~~ low grade type of person, fitted only for drudgery. However, in spite of crying herself to sleep every night, she forced herself to remain long enough to finance a journey to Spokane to join a friend from home. There she was able to place herself in a family whose attitude towards servants was much more humane; they encouraged her to eat at table with them and to attend school to learn the English language. After three years, she married a Finn of part Swedish extraction, whose occupation was tailoring.

Hilma is very intelligent and adapted herself to America relatively rapidly. She has read a great deal in English, loves music, is rotund, jolly, and very much alive to ^{the} contemporary American world. She has two children, both university graduates. As youngsters, they were taught the Finnish language, were constantly in the company of Finnish people, and listened to stories about their mother's home. Certain Finnish customs in connection with Christmas and New Year's were observed, but the tone of their lives was, in general, that of any American family. Consequently

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as grown people, they associate almost completely with Americans and are thoroughly assimilated.

Hilma retains her national culture and habits to no extensive degree in her present mode of life. True, most of her close companions are Finnish, but their bond is not based on a sentimental feeling of kinship; it is simply because of the ease of finding mutual interests with compatriots. Her love of cleanliness (as evidenced by an immaculate house), of the music of Sibelius, of Finnish coffee cake, and coffee are her most predominant Finnish traits. She loves to talk about Finland because she was extremely happy there as a girl, but a trip there would interest her only as an opportunity to visit her relatives.

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Mr. W. Informant

W. has happy recollections of his early life in a small city of eight thousand inhabitants in Southwestern Finland. His father, a church chanter, was a man of sufficient social elevation to secure for his sons all the education offered in the municipality, complete college preparatory training. W. was a gay person for whom the religious holidays, necessarily strictly observed by his father, a servant of God, meant nothing more than a vacation. The festivities of Finland offer plentiful opportunity to really indulge in the pleasures of feasting and joyful entertainment. Certain occasions distinguished by their gaiety have impressed themselves on W.'s memory.

Christmas, in the W. household, was celebrated in traditional Finnish fashion. Deserting the Christmas trees and candles illuminating the shiny, scrubbed dwelling on Christmas Eve, the family always departed en masse to the bath-house to steam themselves. Of all feast days, W. remembered none superior to this one; there was an abundance of all types of food, but the rice porridge and dried fish were dishes common to all Finnish families, rich and poor.

Easter was the next best time so far as W. was concerned. Everyone arose before sunrise and went egg hunting. After church there was a wonderful drink, meuni, made of malt and served with rich cream and sugar in little cups fashioned of birch bark. The children played and ate uninterruptedly the entire day.

Shrove Sunday was particularly devoted to children. The adults joined the activities of their youngsters on this day, and there was universal enjoyment of sledding, skiing, skating. The special food characteristic of this holiday was a ~~roor~~ kind of bun, which soaked in boiled milk, swelled to tremendous proportions; this was likewise indulged in by the grown-ups, proof enough of the children's property rights to that day.

Carefree youth, and the freedom of post school days, made the sea a

fascinating future. W. became a seaman, and spent his leisure hours aboard fancying himself a captain, with vessels of his own to guide across remunerative oceans. New York, as a landing place brought reality a little closer, for a strange language and empty pockets were troublesome intruders.

There was little W. could do with his equipment, except get on another boat and continue his dreams; this time he intended to go to the Philippines, but there was some mistake, and in 1900 his ship docked in San Francisco. He had Finnish friends in Fort Bragg; a visit with kinsmen offered a pleasant interval between voyages.

Fort Bragg, a Finnish colony, but distinctly less prosperous than his environment in Finland, made W. homesick after a time. The sea dream was considerably less palpable after a taste of the sailor's life, and there was no other type of work at which he was capable. One day he sauntered into a friend's tailor shop, and announced his return to Finland, since there was nothing he could do in America. Laughingly his friend offered to teach him tailoring, and equally lightly he sat down and followed directions. He was so adept at this alien occupation that his friend insisted on hiring him as an assistant. W. stayed in Fort Bragg--and remains to this day a tailor.

In Fort Bragg all his associates were Finnish, and retained practically all the habits of home. The only difference was one that made a very fundamental change in W. 's attitude toward life. Becoming a worker, and being constantly in the companionship of men who were laboring long hours for a dollar or so a day, changed his former light-hearted acceptance of the goods of life. He learned that the Finns of the working class were unified through more than their desire for social contact. W. explained that the Finns always remained amongst their own people for several reasons; Their language is so unrelated to English as to make easy relations with Americans impossible; therefore they form a self-sufficient community of their own. Naturally, this facilitates a con-

tinuation of their own manner of living on a foreign soil, and while eliminating certain of their native attitudes, preserves and intensifies others. Class divisions are maintained here, the Finnish heritage to it's workers is a deep class consciousness which acts as a unifying agent wherever they root. Even in strange lands, then, they are bound together by national and class bonds.

In settling anywhere the Finns generally build a hall to be shared by all the workers' families. Here social and educational activity is ~~carried on by groups of parties, speakers, libraries, etc.~~ These groups, while conducting all their functions in Finnish, do not, as a body, continue the customs and celebrations peculiar to their homeland. Their religion is a matter of personal concern, but through their interest in contemporary problems of the workers they are united. In Berkeley, the Finnish Federation, has a hall known as Toveri Tupa or Comrades Hall, located in the center of the Finnish colony, and within walking distance of most of the workers' homes.

W. and his wife are active and devoted members of the Federation, for whom the effective functioning of their hall is a matter of deep concern. They are proud that the library contains translations into Finnish of many current radical publications; they give much of their free time to keeping the hall immaculate, and consider themselves cooperators in good standing.

W. is in no sense a nationalist, but accepts the banding together of the first generation of Finns, for the reasons outlined before. In his own home there is scarcely a trace of Finnish ritual; many food habits and the customary steam baths are, however, persisted in. He is pleased that the younger generation Finns, born in America, have broken the isolation of their parents and are characteristically natives of this country.

Finland

W. has happy recollections of his early life in a small city of eight thousand inhabitants in southwestern Finland. His father, a church chanter, was a man of sufficient social elevation to secure for his sons all the education offered in the municipality, complete college preparatory training. W. was a gay person for whom the religious holidays, necessarily strictly observed by his father, a servant of God, meant nothing more than a vacation. The festivities of Finland offer plentiful opportunity to really indulge in the pleasures of feasting and joyful entertainment. Certain occasions distinguished by their gaiety have impressed themselves on W's memory.

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Carefree youth, and the freedom of post school days, made the sea a fascinating future. W. became a sea-man.

Dorothy Shenkman

Informant-- Mr. L.

I was born in Jyväskylä, Central Finland, the tenth child of a poor family. ~~Education was the primary reason for being of the city of my birth, but it was not similarly my reason for being in Jyväskylä, for I had not even the ordinary advantages of grammar school learning.~~ The city was built around the teacher's college established in 1852. People from all over Finland came here for their certificates, and the town was composed of some 3000 individuals, either students or tradesmen.

My father was a small farmer on the outskirts of the city, and had a difficult time earning the barest necessities for his huge family. Since we children were not wealthy enough to buy our way into school we were barred from any education. The schools had only a limited capacity and only those who could pay well for tutelage were admitted.

My father died when I was nine years old, leaving my mother, by that time a fairly aged woman, with me as the only youngster to support. She knew no other work than unskilled household drudgery, and we wandered from home to home receiving in return for my mother's poor services, equally poor living conditions. My only consolation during those years was in burying myself in the imaginative world of books; historical novels and poems especially delighted me, and I began to visualize my future as a glorious escape from poverty into a world of wandering and conquest.

At sixteen my pleasant fancies were interrupted by the death of my mother and the necessity of learning a trade. A friend found me a place as apprentice to a cabinet maker.

I resented spending most of my time at work and welcomed the suggestion that I attend night school and study a few things related to my future trade. Though I had never gone to school before, I did very well; strangely enough mathematics, until then a foreign subject to me, was especially appealing. It always amazed me to see other boys much bigger and brighter looking than I fail to solve problems that somehow revealed themselves to me; many times I was permitted to go home while the others struggled over the solution of theorems.

For three and a half years I stayed on in Jyväskylä, completing my apprenticeship. The moment I became a journeyman, my former fancies returned; I took the word literally and felt that I had to see the world. For a time I wandered from one cosmopolitan center to another in Finland, staying for a short time only in these places and generally working at cabinet-making. When I was unable to secure this easily I was content with any job I could pick up, for I was mainly interested in gathering impressions of life around me rather than in making a place for myself for the future.

I was almost twenty-one years old, and my time to serve in the army was approaching. I was in Viborg at the moment and conceived a scheme for evading service in the Russian army, which at the same time would enable me to broaden my field of wandering. All Finns in those days agreed on one point: they would not easily submit to service in the Russian army, they would oppose open expression of Russian rule in Finland. Upper and lower classes joined in opposing the Russian decree to the Finns demanding their conscription to the czarist army. I knew that even the highest of Finnish governmental officers would cooperate in the

attempt of individuals to escape submission to the decree. Therefore I wrote the sherriff of my suburb outside Jyvaskyla asking for an eight month's foreign passport , and was granted my request with the full knowledge on the part of the sherriff~~X~~ that I would be outside of Finland when my time to be conscripted arrived. On the receipt of the passport I hurried to Helsingfors and browsed amongst the ships, look~~ed~~ed for a job as a seaman. I knew no specialized type of work aboard ship and offered myself for any available post. Without much difficulty I was hired as a coal passer on a steamer sailing between Helsingfors and Hull, England.

Thinking I would like to stay in England for a time, I walked off ship one evening and never went back to that particular vessel. After a few days around the port I was hired on a fishing trawler ,but gave that up after a time and went aboard a Swedish boat sailing to Russia. In Russia I had no passport trouble, for I stated upon questioning that I was a Swede born in Malmo, Sweden . Even the ship's captain protected me, for he knew that there would be trouble with the Russian authorities were my Finnish identity known. I continued sailing on one vessel or another, filling one odd job or another--in this way I went to South America, Manila, and all the countries of Europe.

In 1904, during the Russo~~Japanese~~ war, I obtained a German a seaman's job aboard a vessel carrying contraband to Japan . When we arrived in Japan the ship was sold, and the men of the crew were offered free trips home. About five of us were anxious to come to the United States instead, and we bargained for free passage to San Francisco. We were fortunate enough to obtain our wish, and I landed in San Francisco on April 3, 1905.

All this time at sea I felt more secure than I ever had on land; the life of the sailor appealed to me, and though I made a few attempts at getting work ashore in San Francisco, I somehow found it easier and more desirable to get work sailing along the west coast. After a few months at sea, however, I began to be curious about American life and decided to temporarily abandon my travels and to see what land could offer. For some reason I was not inclined to look for cabinet-making work ashore, and after leisurely making the rounds of the employment agencies, I was sent to Camino, in El Dorado county to work in a box factory. After a little while in the place, I got pretty tired of the routine, and when I heard about the San Francisco fire and the possibilities for getting work there, I left the box factory and came to the city.

I had never had any trouble with the English language, for I had a knack for foreign languages: on one of my earlier sailing voyages someone had shown me an English grammar which intrigued me, and I wrote my sister asking her to send me the book--for the next six months I studied English in every free moment and mastered grammar and syntax well enough to get along quite easily. On my first landing in San Francisco, some Finnish sailors and I used to frequent a saloon kept by a native Finnish woman who spoke English very well; she talked to us and corrected our mistakes.

When I left Finland I had no particular motive; all my voyages were equally haphazard, and my coming to Oakland from the box factory and remaining there was equally without specific intent. I never felt any particular need for my countrymen, because all men are the same to me providing they are intelligent.

I got work as a carpenter in Oakland and did that until 1907. About that time there was the panic, and it wasn't easy

to get work on a ship as many single men were being absorbed in this type of work, so without ~~my~~ intention and with a vague hope of returning in the future, I left the life of a sailor.

About this time I secured employment in an iron foundry in West Berkeley. I had no idea that there was a settlement of Finns there until another Finn in the shop urged me to move closer to work and stay at a Finnish boarding house at Tenth and University streets. It didn't make any particular difference to me that the people in the neighborhood were Finnish, because I had no engrained nationalism in my habits of thought, but it was nice to find a group who were sociable and carried on activities that appealed to me.

Though times were hard and I ^{soon} lost my job, a Finn in the boarding house who was an electrical contractor, offered me two dollars a day to work for him and to learn the trade. I guess I did all right, because without picking this road I have stuck to it ever since.

The Finns in West Berkeley built a hall for their social affairs, and I did the wiring of it. The whole thing was a cooperative affair, and we each felt that the hall belonged to us because of the money and work we had actually put into it. We used to have dances there, put on plays and sing; I liked plays especially, because I like to forget myself and pretend that I am someone else. It was a pretty good life here, and by 1910 I got married, and of course that was the end of all my dreams of returning to sea.

Most of the Finns at the hall were Socialists in those days, and I was a member of the party, too, because I had read Karl Marx and believed that he had the right idea for changing this

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world. In 1918 I had some disagreement with the party and left it and have never gone back. After the revolution in Russia and the uprising in Finland following the war, the Socialists in large part followed the Russian Bolsheviks, and the Finns here gave up their charter to the Socialist party in 1920. From that time they have been getting crazier all the time; they can't understand that Russia isn't really carrying out the principles of Karl Marx, and that today Stalin is the same kind of dictator as Mussolini or Hitler. These fool Finns here act on orders from Moscow, regardless of different conditions here. Some of the Finns who think independently refused to follow Moscow blindly--they are men who can think for themselves; they won't subject themselves to blind faith and act on orders; these men have cut themselves loose from the Communists. ^{pp.} The fight was pretty bad for a while-- the Communists try to force their ideas on others, and if they won't follow they try to break up the other groups; their philosophy is "conquer or destroy". They tried to do that to the Finnish Brotherhood--~~xx~~ that's the organization I belong to, and we had a right to sue *them* for maneuvering to get us out of the old cooperative hall. I was all for suing them, but some of the others who haven't the guts to see a fight through decided to just allow themselves to be ~~x~~ ejected and to quietly build another hall.

I believe that our world is pretty rotten and that we must try to change it. I know that Karl Marx had the right idea, but that his modern interpreters have distorted him beyond recognition. Above all we must have democracy, and under present day Communism there is none, and the Communists I have known are the most undemocratic people in the world. I can't talk to these fellows at all--they can't see the other fellows' right to express

his
 own mind. No, there is no democracy under our system either, but at least there is no regimentation. I don't mind what a man thinks as long as he doesn't try to force his ideas on anyone else.

Since I can't see any solution in the current remedies for social change, I keep out of politics. It is easy enough to keep happy when I have my books, my friends, and the activities at the lodge. I'm getting a little old now for so many social activities, but I still like to dance and to act in a play once in a while.

The lodge is a necessary organization from the point of view of the social benefits it confers on its members. Its origin is interesting in itself: In 1841 a group of Finnish sailors were standing around the docks in San Francisco, and a funeral procession went by. It was a dreary looking burial for a sailor to have--the entire thing looked as if it were headed for Potter's Field. The sailors enquired after the poor deceased and discovered that it was one of their countrymen. They were so moved at the thought of one of their Finnish countrymen going to a pauper's grave that they conceived the idea of forming a fraternal organization to take care of their less fortunate compatriots during illness or at death. They pooled their savings and enlisted many other Finns to enter their organization--even the saloon-keepers contributed in establishing a flourishing lodge, since known as the Finnish Brotherhood. There are now twenty-one branches along the Pacific coast, with fairly large memberships. Sick benefits include a free doctor and the sum of nine dollars for thirty weeks; after that period, if illness continues benefits are drawn from the coffers of the federated chapters rather than from the individual branch.

Funeral expenses are paid as well. The organization is run on a truly democratic basis, with conventions every two years and a pre-convention discussion to instruct the delegates from the membership.

I have two daughters--one is an artist and the other a musician. The girls have never learned to speak Finnish, and we always converse in English at home. Though my friends consider it shocking to raise children without teaching them the Finnish language, I can't see what good it might have done them. Finnish is a tongue that will never be used much because of its strange and unfamiliar qualities, and may even die out eventually. They are wise to learn languages like French and German because there is plenty of need for those as the world becomes more closely cemented. I generally do all my reading in English and regard myself a fairly representative citizen of this country. We don't bother about keeping up Finnish habits, because there is just no point to it when you are living on foreign soil.

I am a man with very little formal education, but it seems to me that an old Finnish saying is appropriate today: Some people's heads go through school, while school goes through other people's heads. You don't get much out of universities these days, because most professors keep their ideas in their stomachs. Only one I heard the other day over the radio had something to say that impressed me: "the state of world affairs today reminds one of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with Mr. Hyde the only one on the scene." Don't ask me how we are going to get rid of Mr. Hyde--even my ~~philosophers~~ philosophers haven't been able to tell me.

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Finnish

(Man)

Born - 1880

Came to America. 1920.

I was born in Karelen, a province in the extreme southeast of Finland, on the border ~~line~~ of Finland and Russia. The boundary line has been changed back and forth here a great many times between the swedes and the russians. In 1743, Savolaks, a province next to it on the west, and Karelia were conquered by Russia and held until 1808. During this period large donations of land, in this territory, were made to the russian nobles. Hundreds of farms and villages, with their inhabitants, were literally handed over to these russians. The Finnish peasants were an independent and free people ^{used to} having the protection of their own laws and they were opposed to being treated like serfs. To overcome any opposition the nobles simply put corrupt officials to rule over the estates. In consequence, these provinces were very poor and miserable. There were many revolts among the peasants but the conditions continued until some betterment was made by me, byler I. But it was not until the establishm^t the Finnish Diet in 1864.

2) that a large sum of money was raised by the ^{Finnish} government for buying back these properties and reselling them to the peasants. My grandfather through the help of the government, bought a small farm from one of these large estates. My father was born and raised there. Everything about these farms was of the most primitive, and even to this day there are farms like this in northern and eastern Karelia. The buildings and equipment date back almost 100 years. There was always a ^{small} piece of forest land along with the meadow land on the farms. Enough forest to supply fuel and timber for the farmers own use. The livestock consisted of one or two horses, these are of the finnish breed, small and shaggy on the order of a shetland pony, but they are very sure-footed and have great endurance. There are possibly two or three cows, these are also of finnish stock, these are smaller and angular looking, but the milk they give is very high in butter fats. There would also be a few pigs and sometimes a few sheep and some chickens. In ^{addition} there would be enough, barley, oats, a ^{few} raised for

3) home use. The rye is the Finnish: "staff of life". It is made into large, flat cakes with a hole in the centre. These cakes are run onto a pole and hung along the ceiling. It keeps indefinitely. Life here is reduced to its simplest terms and the family is self-sufficient.

At the best there is very little surplus produced on the farms in Finland, excepting the dairy products, which through the co-operatives, the farmer can produce and sell for cash. Butter has been especially important as an export product and due to the maintenance of government laboratories, it is of a very high quality. It seems that dairying has been important to the Finnish farmer from a very early date. There is an abundance and richness of meadow-hay, ~~which~~ ^{that} has made cattle-raising both easy and profitable. In the meadows the cattle graze three months out of the year and then there is still enough grass for cutting to supply the need for the winter.

During the winter the farmer can increase his cash income, by working in the nearby.

state or privately owned forests.

Even with a maximum yield per acre from her farmlands, it is very doubtful if Finland could even be self-sustaining, depending on her agriculture alone. Crop-raising, due to climatic handicaps, is quite a hazard. The frost is the most dreaded. Sometimes even in June or August the winter seems to throw a shadow over the summer. The fields of grain stand ready to ripen or they may have already begun to ripen. Then during the afternoon a strong wind will come up from the north, gradually dying down towards evening. The sky becomes very clear and takes on a greenish tinge. The temperature falls and by midnight the thermometer registers at the freezing point. When the sun rises it will probably register 2°F. or thereabouts. The heads of grain are now covered with a thin layer of ice but as yet the grain is not damaged. It is only if there is a warm day following this, that the kernel of grain will be transformed into a sodden mass and all its nourishment destroyed. The farmer

5) hope for the year is gone. This has been one of the worst natural enemies that the farmer has had to fight ~~against~~ against. The government, through experimental and government farms, is helping the farmer with his many problems.

My father left the farm when quite young and through his work in the forests finally came to Viipuri (Viborg) to live. This was about 1890 and I was then ten years old. My father was working in one of the machine shops, and was getting, at that time, twelve or fifteen cents an hour. On this amount, because of a lower cost in living as well as a lower standard, we were able to have a roof over our heads and enough to eat. The Finnish working-man's diet would not include any delicacies. Coffee, of course, is one of their main stand-bys. In the summer there are plenty of berries but fruits as a rule are scarce. Pears and apples being the most common. There was very little in the way of canning and preserving the berries and fruits ^{that} we had. So in the winter there was a steady diet of salted and cured fish and meats. These were either eaten raw

6) or cooked. This with potatoes and turnips and the dark bread were the main dishes. Eggs and milk were always obtainable. But I think the people drank more coffee than milk. Sugar was hard to get and expensive. There ~~was~~ ^{was} some sugar-~~but~~ raising, in the country but not a great deal. The people get their energy-creating foods through eating a great deal of fats.

At this time I was going to the elementary school but later I attended one of the Russian schools for boys and girls. This was one of the five or six higher-grade schools in Viborg. These schools were adapted to all three races and to their different types of culture. I had already decided on my career which was to be a postal clerk. This necessitated my ~~learning~~ knowing four languages, Finnish, Swedish, Russian and German. The cities in Finland are all bi-lingual, Swedish and Finnish. Here in Viipuri there is the Russian and a great deal of German spoken. At the time Viipuri had about 22,000 inhabitants. The northern part of Carelia is very sparsely settled. Most of the people settling in the south, along the coast and around Lake Ladoga,

7) the largest inland sea in the world. Nearly half of this sea is on Russian territory, as the boundary lines have been changed back and forth ^{here} between Finland and Russia. Viipuri was the first line of defense against invasion from the east. In 1293, the Swedish viceroy built the castle and fortress, which is still standing on one of the islands that make up the city of Viborg. It withstood siege after siege but it was finally taken by the Russians and not until 1812 was it returned to Finnish sovereignty. Viborg was also an outpost for trade with the east but during its Russian rule this trade was largely cut off by Leningrad, situated only a few miles from here. With Viborg's return to Finland its trade was revived and it is now the largest lumber export centre in the country. This has been accomplished by the opening of the Saimaa Canal (in 1856) which connects the Saimaa Lake system with the sea at Viipuri, a distance of 35 miles. Finland has a very ~~area~~ ^{area} when I was seven years old. 1847

8) complete system of locks, canals, and waterways which makes nearly every ~~part~~ ^{part} of the country accessible to the lumber trade. In this way it is possible to calculate exactly what it costs per log to send wood from the forest to the port. These lakes, rivers, and canal systems also make valuable routes through the interior, and in the winter when they are frozen over, they make fine natural highways and shorten the distances considerably.

Viborg is different from any other city in Finland. It is probably more picturesque in an eastern way because of its direct russian influence. The streets are narrower and the houses are not as neat and trim as in other places. Although on the islands and on the coast are many beautiful summer villas. But during this time it was not improved any by being surrounded with fortifications and earthworks. This being ~~the~~ one of the principal russian forts. The country is occupied by russian ~~sold~~ soldiers. The finns are not allowed in the army and of course have no army of their own. But the

9) Finnish peasants and the Russian soldiers seem to get along very well. The soldiers have been allowed to help in the fields, up until now (about 1900) but with times getting more critical between Finland and Russia this of course is stopped. There was probably less tension here between the military and the citizens than it was further westward. At Sveaborg, the fort outside of Helsingfors the canons were turned directly on the city. Here on the border we were in closer touch with what was happening among the Russians. The soldiers themselves were not any too well satisfied with the conditions in their own country. They were not quite willing to start ⁱⁿ shooting down the Finns. This was proven later during the "Strike" of 1905. But the Finns were now awakened to the danger of losing their freedom as a country and as a race. Their one aim now was to hold together as Finns. All other differences were forgotten.

10) I was then working for the government, as postal clerk. This is not a highly paid position but along with the sick and old age pensions it gives one a sense of security. I married and established a home. The mail coming into the country came either via Stockholm or Leningrad. All letters were carefully scrutinized and censored especially those coming through Leningrad. Through the corruptions in Russia every one was under suspicion. The russians were waiting and watching carefully for any sign of revolt on the part of the Finns. Only once at Helsingfors did they even have a chance of calling out their armed forces ~~against~~ against the people. Again Finland was up against a long, bitter struggle and she has had many of them. But she ^{again} managed to get through this obstacle without losing her identity. Finland gradually worked out her own salvation in this crisis and every thing seemed to be going well for us. But not so in Russia. Being near
-- + + near own. But the

11) the border we were in close touch with all that was happening in Russia. The czar soon had his hands full looking after his own people and leaving Finland more or less to herself. But Finland was too closely connected not to be involved in whatever happened in Russia. So we were due for another severe shaking up. When the revolution finally broke out, we, on the border might as well have been in Russia. From our experience, at least those of us in the lower classes, ^{we} could not be expected to feel ~~any~~ ^{much} sympathy for the rulers of Russia. When the bolsheviks were fighting to free the workers in Russia it was as if we were fighting a common enemy. That is, a great many of us felt that way. It was the natural working out of events. I went.

I went into Russia after the revolution and the civil war in Finland. Having enough money to get as far as America, I only stayed there a short time. I had seen so much strife and uncertainty during my life that I wanted to ~~get to~~ ^{get to} a place where I might find some stability and peace.

212

212

was not

Swedish-American Immigrant.

Born 1885 347 Olson (Woman)

Came to America in 1901

When I was sixteen years old I had made all my preparations to go to "Näver" a crafts school which was located a short distance from my home town in the province of Väster-götland. I had sent in my application and was already to leave when I received word that I was too young to enter. I had my clothes and everything ready to start off and no place to go. It was a big disappointment to me in every way. As it happened, a friend of mine was home from America on a short visit. Inside of two weeks I had decided to go back with her and I was actually on my way to America.

I was an only child. My father died when I was seven years old. My

2) mother and I had been quite alone in the world since then. We lived in a small rented flat in the town where I was born. My mother lived on a pension and an accident compensation after my father. He had been an engineer and had met his death through an accident on the railroad. The pension was not so much, but it enabled my mother to live comfortably in a very quiet and simple way. She was a careful manager anyway and we always got along fine as well as I can remember. I had finished my elementary schooling. I wasn't much of a student, but I had set my heart on going to the "slöjd-seminarium" at Näås. This crafts school for teachers is known all over the world and I had met several San Francisco teachers who have studied there. The school was just a short distance from where I lived and I had seen it many

times. It was formerly a large and
very old estate. (hovi-gård.) The main
building was almost like a palace
and on its surrounding vast area of
land were the cottages of the sub-
ordinates who lived and worked under
the dominion of the estate. A very
wealthy man had bought this property
and for the first years or two he had
devoted his time in remodeling the
main building and in fixing-up the
workmen's homes. He had no child-
ren of his own and when his wife
died he was left alone on his big es-
tate. He persuaded a young nephew-
to come and live with him here at
Nääs and to help him with the care of
the place. The nephew on going into
the workmen's homes on the estate
found that it was no longer common
for these people to work at the old
hand-crafts. During the long winter
evenings they had nothing to occupy

9) their time. In the old days the people worked with their hands in making their clothing and household goods. Now everything was bought ready-made and the people had stopped doing any kind of skilled work with their hands. The young man noticed this and he also noticed that the people had lost something in the homeliness and atmosphere of their dwellings by giving up hand-crafts work. There was a cheapness and drabness in these poorer homes now that they didn't have when the people used their creative abilities in the different crafts. Once in a while he found a home where the father was making tables and chairs and the mother was sitting at the loom weaving the curtains and rugs. In these latter homes the people seemed happier and more contented. There was an air of comfort here even in the simplest surroundings and the poverty-stricken and

3) sometimes shillies are seen to have disappeared. The nephew spoke to his uncle about these things that he had noticed. The uncle saw the idea, that perhaps people might find some happiness in life if they had something to occupy their hands. So he and his nephew began to work. But they would have to learn to use their hands for this while they were young. So these two gentlemen, the uncle and the nephew, started a crafts-school for children on the estate. They taught the children first to carve simple objects from wood which was the material closest at hand. They figured that if the hand was trained in the skill of handling a knife in carving that this would help to get the hand in training for most any kind of work. More so than an untrained hand. This experiment in teaching the children was successful from the start. But it was impossible in this

6) way to reach all of the children throughout the country. The nephew then had another idea. Instead of teaching the children directly they organized a crafts-school for teachers. The teachers would be able to reach all the children in the country and they would be equipped to train the hand as well as the brain of the child. Both men now worked with this purpose in mind. The uncle built the ^{large} school-room, auditorium, and gymnasium. He also managed so that the ones who came here, to attend the classes, had food and lodging. The younger man became director of the school. He arranged the course of studies, supervised the teaching, and gave lectures. He liked the work and was much more than a supervisor. He actually lived among the students and through sympathy and understanding he became their best friend. He was interested in

7) their circumstances and in what they were doing. From the very beginning the enterprise was a success. There were many students in the school and many more applicants that couldn't be taken care of. There were four courses during the year. It wasn't long before the school became known in other countries and teachers from all over the world came to "Nääs" to learn to teach the education of the hand. I don't believe there is a place in Sweden so well-known throughout the world as "Nääs." The school was equipped to extend living accommodations, room and board, to the ones who came there to take the classes. At mealtimes they sat at long tables and here we had the opportunity of sitting next to a teacher from the opposite end of the earth. There were teachers from Japan, from America and from Italy. Everything was arranged for their comfort and convenience and to

3) that they would "feel at home" here
both with the work and with one another.
There were socials, music, and lec-
tures in the evenings; besides books,
boats on the lake, swimming, and other
arrangements for their happiness. The
natural surroundings were the whole
place into a huge park. There was a
large lake with a path around it
and trees leaning out over the water. Be-
yond the lake on a high bluff was
an old observation tower. From one
could get a view of the whole country-
side. When the owner died he gave
the whole estate to the school. His
captain had charge of the enterprise
as before. They now included courses in
the older forms of singing games and
other folk games and dances that were
to be taught to the children. The teachers
that came here were not only to bring
back knowledge to the school-room but
they were also to impart a happiness to
the children. - - - - - and a new means

1) in work and living.

Our home, in Sweden, was a small flat of three rooms. But I remember that it was very homelike and nice the way ~~my~~^{my} mother had it fixed-up. The floors were just the plain painted pine boards and on these we had the home woven rag rug runners. My mother liked to do crocheting and fancy-work and she had many of these pieces of hand-work strewn around on tables and chair-backs. There was a regular flower garden of potted plants on a stand in front of one of the large windows. In this sitting-room my mother had her afternoon-coffee. Whether or not there were visitors she set a small center-table with her coffee-service and she always had cookies and white coffee-bread on hand. It was a break in her uneventful day and I enjoyed it too. Especially when I came home from school during the cold ^{and} snowy winter days. I had

10) a happy childhood. At least I was as happy as children in general can be. They have so many ups and downs. I was probably spoiled being an only child. And because my mother was so alone after my father died she naturally centered her attention on me. But I haven't had any particular ill effects from it. The world has treated me pretty well right along. I realize this when I see how many hardships others have to bear.

When I first came to America I stayed with my friends in New York City. After I had become acquainted with the city and ^{with} the new language I got work with a Swedish doctor. I was general assistant around the office. I don't believe that I was lonesome or homesick once during my first years in America. I met many people and I had a great many friends. It was all a lark to me anyway. I was of a happy and light dis-

... .. I had seen so many

1) position. But it was only natural that I often thought of my mother and I did want to go back home and see her again. After I had been in America about four years I decided to go home for a visit. My mother was still in our old home and was living about the same as when I left. She had been alone all this time. She was so glad to see me but I was only home three months and it was terribly hard to leave her again. I knew that she would never leave her home and come with me to America and she probably wouldn't have been happy here. But I would never be happy to stay in Sweden now. I was going back to New York to get married. And after having lived in New York the little town where I was born seemed pretty small and dead to me. Four years had made a vast difference in my experience and things were pretty much the same around my home as when I left the first time. It

12) was always quiet and peaceful ^{was} as we lived anyway. At least it seemed that way to me. I was young and I had never thought much about anything.

As I said before, I was going back to New York to get married. My husband, to be, was an Englishman. He had a small but thriving business in New York, and he has been a moderately successful business man right along. We have been pretty well taken care of. We have raised three daughters. Two of them are now married and have families of their own. They don't know very much about Sweden. I have always used the English language since the time that I came to this country. But even though I was quite young when I came to America, I was sixteen, I have always spoken with a very broad Swedish accent. I think this must have been due to my dialect in Swedish. I don't know whether I'll ever get back to visit Sweden. My mother died in 1917. I like to travel and I would enjoy making the trip again, especially around and through the Panama-canal.

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naa naa is many

Swedish - American Immigrant.

Swedish

Born (1885)

came to America in (1901). (Woman)

When I was sixteen years old I had made all my preparations to go to Naas, a crafts school that was located a short distance from my home town in Västergötland. I had sent in my application and was all ready to ~~leave~~ leave when I recieved word that I was too young to enter. I had my clothes and everything ready to start off and no place to go. It was a big dissapointment to me in every way. As it ~~was~~ happened a friend of mine was home from America on a short visit. I decided to go back ~~to America~~ with her and inside of two weeks I was actually on my way to America. I was an only child. My father died when I was seven years old. My mother and I had been quit alone in the world since then. We lived in a small rented flat in the town where I was born. My mother lived on a pension and an accident compensation after my father. He had been an engineer and had met his death through an accident on the railroad. The pension was not so much but it enabled my mother to live comfortably in a quiet and simple way. She was a very careful manager and we always got along fine as well as I can remember. I had finished my elementary schooling. I wasn't much of a student but I had set my heart on going to the "slojd-seminarium" at Naas. This crafts school for teachers is known all over the world and I have met several San Francisco teachers who have studied there. The school was only a short distance from where I lived and I had seen it many times. It was formerly a large and very old estate "herr-gård". The main building was like a palace and on its surrounding vast area of land were the cottages of the subordinates who lived and worked under the dominion of the estate. A very wealthy man had bought this property and for the first year or two had devoted his time in remodelling the main building and in fixing-up the workingmens' homes. He had no children of his own and when his wife died he was left alone on this ~~estate~~ big estate. He persuaded a young nephew to come and live with him here at "Naas" and help him with the care of the place. The nephew in going into the workingmens' homes on the estate found that it was no longer common for these people to work at the old hand-crafts. During the long winter evenings they had nothing to occupy their time. In the old days the people worked with their hands in making their clothing and household goods. Now everything was bought ready-made and the people had stopped doing any type of skilled work with their hands.

The young man noticed this and he also noticed that the people had lost something in the hominess and atmosphere of their dwellings by giving up the hand-crafts work. There was a cheapness and drabness in these poorer homes now that they hadn't had when the people used their creative abilities in the different crafts. Once in a while he found a home where the father was making tables and chairs and the mother was sitting at the loom weaving the curtains and rugs. In these latter homes the people seemed happier and more contented. There was an air of comfort here even in the simplest surroundings. Gone was the poverty-stricken and shiftless air. The nephew spoke to his uncle about there things that he had noticed. The uncle saw the idea, that perhaps people might find more happiness in life if they had something to occupy their hands and mind during their leizure hours. But they would have to learn to use their hands while they were young. So these two gentlemen, the uncle

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simple objects from wood, which was the material closest at hand. They figured that if the hand was trained in the skill of handling a knife in carving that this would help to get the hand in training for most any kind of work. More so than an untrained hand. This experiment in teaching the children was successful from the start. But it was impossible in this way to reach all of the children throughout the country. The nephew then had another idea. Instead of teaching the children directly they organized a crafts-school (slöjdseminarium) for teachers. The teachers would be taught able to reach all the children in the country and they would be equipped to train the ~~mind~~ ~~as~~ hand as well as the brain of the child. Both men now worked with this purpose in mind. The uncle built the school-rooms, auditorium, and gymnasium. He also managed so that the ones that came here to attend the courses had food and lodging. The younger man became the director of the school. — He arranged the course of studies, supervised the teaching and gave lectures. He liked the work and was much more than a supervisor. He actually lived among the students and through sympathy and understanding he became their best friend. He was interested in their circumstances and in ~~their~~ what they were doing. From the very beginning the enterprise was a success. There were many students and many more applicants that couldn't be taken care of. There were four courses during the year. It wasn't long before the school became known in other countries and teachers from all over the world came to "Näås" to learn to teach the education of the hands. There isn't a place in Sweden that is so well-known throughout the world as "Näås". The school was equipped to extend living accommodations, room and board, to the ones who came there to take the classes. At mealtime they sat at long tables and here one had the opportunity of sitting next to a teacher from the opposite end of the earth. There were teachers from Japan, from America, and from Italy. Everything was arranged for their comfort and convenience. So that they would feel at home here both with the work and with one another. There were socials, music, and lectures in the evenings, besides books, boats on the lake, swimming, and other arrangements for their happiness. The natural surroundings made the whole place into a huge park. There was a large lake with a path around it and trees leaning out over the water. Beyond the lake on a high bluff was an old observation tower. Here one could get a view of the whole country-side. When the owner died he gave this whole estate to the school. His nephew had charge of the enterprise as before. They now included courses in the older folk-games and dances that were to be taught to the children. The teachers that came here were not only to bring back knowledge to the school-room but they were also to impart a happiness in work and living.

Our home was a small flat of three rooms. But I remember ~~that~~ that it was very home-like and nice the way my mother had it fixed-up. The floors were just the plain painted pine boards and on these we had the home-woven rag-rug runners. My mother liked to do crocheting and fancy-work and she had many of ~~these~~ pieces of hand-work strewn ~~ar~~ around on tables and chairbacks. The windows were large and on a ~~ste~~ stand in front of them my mother had a regular flower-garden of potted plants. In this sitting-room my mother had her afternoon coffee. Whether or not there were visitors she always set a small center table with her coffee-service. She always had cookies and white coffee-bread on hand. It was a break in her uneventful day, and I enjoyed it too, especially when I came home from school during the cold, snowy, winter days. I had a happy childhood or at least as happy as children in general can be. They have so many ups and downs. I was in all probability spoiled being that I was an only child and because my mother was so alone when my father died. But I haven't had any particular ill effects from it; The world has treated me pretty well.

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I realize this when I see how many hardships others have to bear.
When I first came to America I stayed with my friends in New York City. After I had become acquainted with the city and with the new language somewhat I got work with a Swedish doctor. I was general assistant around the office. I don't believe that I was lonely or homesick once in America. I met many people and I had many friends. It was all a lark to me anyway. I was naturally of a happy and light disposition. I had been in New York about four years when I decided to get married. My husband is English. He has been a moderately successful businessman. We have raised three daughters, two are now married and have families of their own.

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As I said before, I was going back to New York to get married. My husband, to be, was an English. He had a small but thriving business in New York. He has been a moderately successful businessman right along. We have raised We have been pretty well taken care of. We have raised three daughters. Two of them are now married and have families of their own. They don't know very much about Sweden. English was always spoken in our home. But even though I was quite young when I came to America, I was sixteen, I have always had a very broad Swedish accent. I think that this is due to the dialect of the part of the country Sweden that I came from. This was in the southern part directly across from Denmark and the influence of the Danish on the Swedish here is very marked.

My mother died in 1917. I don't know now if I'll ever get back to visit Sweden again. I like to travel and I would enjoy making the trip again especially around and through the Panama Canal.

Dorothy Shenkman
Informant--J.L.

J.L. , an official of the Finnish government in one of the largest cities on the west coast ,is a cordial ,well informed, intelligent person. Well over forty-five, he bears his years with the grace of a man who has spent a good part of his life out of doors; his ruddiness is evidence of seventeen years at sea.

J.L. was born in Helsingfors, Finland ,but was educated through high school in Tavesthus. There he learned to speak English, Swedish and other languages while he was very young, needing the Finnish proverb: "a Finn who has not broken his tongue by the time he is fourteen never will". In writing official communications he has the choice of three languages , but always prefers the English when he is in a hurry.

Immediately after completing high school, J.L. went to sea, and doing very well there was rapidly promoted and eventually sent to naval school to prepare for officership. In 1907 he came to America, and it was from here he snipped out thereafter. J.L. believes that the life of a sea-going man is in no way compatible with marriage, and evidently applied this theory to his own life, for since his marriage he has been in the employ of the Finnish government in an office firmly secured on ground.

To prepare for his present position he was trained by the Consul-General of Finland to the United States. He was selected because of his knowledge of Finland and America and because of his willingness to serve both. For fourteen years he has maintained the same position, and finds it thoroughly enjoyable, since the city in which his office is established is much to his liking, and he is enabled on official business to travel about the state and to confer with many of his countrymen. He has been an American

citizen for a number of years ,but does not consider his status ~~as~~ a drawback to diplomatic connection with the government of Finland. Were he serving the country of his birth in a European center he would ,no doubt, have retained his Finnish citizenship, for there titular offices are held in high esteem; in America, however, the prestige of work is determined by the amount of cash involved, and consequently, allows greater freedom to those who are serving in official positions.

He visited Finland in 1920, and though he enjoyed the trip is not particularly anxious to return--seemingly he has wandered about enough to be content with one place. His wife, on the other hand, although born in Brooklyn, New York of Finnish parents, returned to Finland at the age of nine and was educated there. Though she returned to the United States when she was grown and was married in this country, she is constantly homesick for Finland and has made numerous trips there. Six months ago she returned from a two and a half year sojourn in Finland--this time accompanied by her two young children. The children went to school there and knew the Finnish language well enough to progress rapidly under a much more strenuous school system than ~~in~~ ^{that of} the United States.

J.L. considers the school system in Finland far more ~~a~~ practical than that we have evolved in the United States. The requirements for higher education are so difficult that fully ten percent drop off every year during the high school course. High school is composed of eight grades, and children enter when they are ten and complete, if they are fortunate enough to survive the requirements, by the time they are eighteen. Generally only ten per cent go on to university training , and in this manner there is a ~~garuntee~~ ^{guarantee} against overproduction of professionals. The Finns,

according to J.L., believe that children should be trained for their vocations early in life, and when they fail in school are immediately sent to trade schools and promptly apprenticed to industry. In this manner young men and women of eighteen are full fledged journey~~men~~ men, are able to be independent, to marry and have families. After they have been journeymen for a few years, they can go to industrial school and emerge masters of their trade. According to J.L., there is little overproduction of workmen and consequently relatively little unemployment. He was amazed at the continued invasion of the universities in the United States in the face of the trend in recent years indicating an overabundance of professionals to fill our needs.

When questioned concerning the present government of Finland, J.L. indicated that the present democratic rule of Finland was the solution to the long agitated-for independent rule of Finland. There is at present a republic, with one parliament administering justice to the entire populace. The Swedish influence has not been entirely eliminated, but there is no danger that Finland will ever again be subjected to foreign rule. The Russian influence was more obnoxious for a time than rightly it should have been, for proximity of Finland to Russia bred close relations with ~~her~~ present communistic government. This situation has been alleviated in recent years by outlawing the Communist party of Finland. Another measure in protection from Soviet Russia is a large army on the border. Finland maintains a conscripted army and a tremendous Home Guard as a guarantee to her independence. At very short notice Finland could call out half a million trained soldiers. There is no capital punishment for crime other than high treason.

J.L. speaks of many nations in familiar chauvinistic generalities: the Russians are imaginative and lazy and can't be trusted from day to day; the present government is particularly

viscious in its attitude toward ^{the} smaller nations it dominates. The Esthonians are not very bright ,but they can learn if they try, and at present are making a drive on former national sluggishness. The Hungarians may be related to the Finns racially, but that was centuries ago and should be regarded as negligible--~~the~~ Hungarians are nice enough people, but they ~~are~~ just not very much. The Germans are marvelous people, and the Finns have had to go to them to learn many things; their influence,once very strong ~~xxx~~ in education,has lessened since the coming of fascism to Germany. The Finns are hard-headed and slow, but they get there--~~no~~ one can change their course if they feel themselves to be right.

J.L.'s entire life, by virtue of his occupation and because of his wife's devotion to Finland ,is essentially bound up with his national group; he admires and respects his country ~~xxxx~~ though he is fond of America. Like his national brothers J.L. drinks huge quantities of coffee--nine and ten cups a day ,and steam bathes at least once a week.

Fin *Fin*
Mrs. W. _____, Informant.

Not included

Mrs. W. is a strong, healthy looking woman and appears to be no more than forty, but the date of her birth, 1877, reveals an accumulation of 59 years. She was born into a poor family of Northern Finland in an isolated town of two thousand inhabitants. There were seven children in all, three of whom did not survive early childhood. Life for the remaining youngsters lacked even a minimum of youthful luxury, for the family continually battled poverty. By the time Mrs. W. was eleven years old, she was charged with the responsibility of caring for the children, doing the laundry, and cooking. Very frequently there was nothing whatsoever for the children to eat, and they were put to bed to sleep away their hunger. The mother was a religious woman, and taught her child to believe in a benign God. Mrs. W. lost her religion in a not uncommon manner: One night when she was about ten, the family had left her alone. Having had no dinner, she became very restless, began to search the house for just a bite of something nourishing, but nowhere in the place was there so much as a crumb of bread. Crying, but still hopeful, she knelt for hours, praying to God for food. When none was forthcoming, faith fled forever.

The further details of her life in Finland merely corroborated the neglect administered the financially less fortunate by the Almighty. The family celebrated all the holidays, particularly those of a religious nature, but to Mrs. W. these occasions only further emphasized the cheerlessness of their lives.

Christmas.

On Christmas Day, while others feasted, there was for them nothing more than a tasteless porridge without cream or sugar. Those seasons that were distinguished by a greater prosperity were memorable for the presence of a rarity — dried fish, the Finnish Christmas food. At

these times the children received presents -- a five cent package of cookies.

Ordinarily, however, the holidays were marked by their severity and quiet. Though other people, who possessed the wherewithal, were joyous, this family divided the time between church and Bible study at home.

Since, at that time, the town was not accessible by train, the educational facilities for the poor were scarcely adequate. Mrs. W. never went to school, but was taught to read and write by her mother, whose text book was the Bible.)

One event which marked those drab years was her confirmation known as riippikirko. In Finland young people cannot get married before they are able to read. When the girls reach the age of fifteen, they are required to attend a two weeks' school conducted by priests in the vicinity. Here they are coached intensively in reading and Bible study. At the end of the period an examination reveals whether they will be permitted to marry. If they fail to pass, they are required to be re-examined each year, and cannot consider matrimony until they qualify. Mrs. W. passed.

at 14
The year preceeding her confirmation, Mrs. W. had started to work in a match factory. No laws prevented child labor at a miserable wage, and the experience only added to a growing discontent. For four years this drudgery continued, and then Mrs. W. married a baker, her labors shifting to the bake-shop.

After five years they received word from friends at Fort Bragg that life in America was very tolerable. They sold their business and in 1900 arrived at Fort Bragg. One look at the cheerless land, and Mrs. W. began to cry. After a time, however, the hard work and the hideous dwelling, with furniture even less lovely than in Finland,

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became a matter of course. The birth of a baby girl in 1901, though an added responsibility, injected an element of personal happiness into life.

The Finnish workers in Fort Bragg had many social activities, and Mrs. W. joined the chorus at the Hall. Thus her life in America, despite its lack of color, offered as much or more than had Finland. During the ensuing years she met Mr. W., and some time after her husband, the baker, died, Mrs. W. married her present husband. There is a fine relationship here, disclosed by Mr. W's understanding of the difficulties of his wife's early life, and by his proud boasts of her youthful appearance. Eight years ago the W's came to the Finnish colony of Berkeley, and have established themselves as enlightened members of their community.

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Bertie L. Willott

ELIZABETH COMES ADVENTURING TO
AMERICA

964

Twenty years ago, Elizabeth made up her youthful mind to come across the great Atlantic, adventuring in the United States of America. A woman acquaintance with her two children was coming over to live, meeting her husband in Portland, Oregon. He had established a home for them on a farm near Portland.

Elizabeth says she came over in the company of the wife and children, but left them in Portland and never saw them again. She was absolutely on her own, without friend or kin; unable to speak English and a sorry time she had for a long while. She secured a position in housework but she cried most of the time, for a while. Later she began to get acquainted, to learn a little English and become adjusted somewhat.

The climate and the country claimed her interest at all times.

"Ah, it is so wonderful, warm and lovely at all times even raining. The place, everything so very wonderful, so many kinds of food, so much, so much everywhere; even poorer people have many kinds of things to eat, not just meat, ~~meat~~, potatoes and cheese as we had in Finland."

"The houses and buildings so pretty, I like them. In Finland the houses are strongly built, very warm, too, but always the same; wood, stone and plaster; the same kind of windows, square and plain but the houses there ^{are} very comfortable."

"Sometimes after I first came here and was so lonesome for my family and friends on the old country I think often of going home and I plan to save my money up, but I keep

liking America more and more, yet I think of my parents and friends I left over there."

"I usually get very good jobs, second maid or general helper, sometimes housekeeper, but the cooking I like not so well. I save up my money and six years ago I went back to my homeland and stayed for a visit. I already knew I wanted to come back and when I got there and stayed a while, then I knew I would come back to America and always stay here.

"When I went back I could see more how that country really is different and not so good.

"Finland is a good sized country, rather far north; very cold in the extreme north with storms very bad in winter, in fact, most of the year. My father has a farm in southern Finland, down near the Gulf of Bothnia. Finland is really a vast tableland and about half heavy forests with a vast number of lakes.

"It is very beautiful in most places, with rivers and lakes and in the north mountains which are very high, (Nearly 4000 ft in many places). The forests are pine and fir, used for commercial purposes; lumber, wood, resin and woodpulp for the big Finnish paper mills which are an important manufacturing industry.

"There are many fertile valleys and fields for raising grain, rye and oats, ~~and~~ potatoes. Cattle and sheep are leading herds and butter products are important, the country exporting vast amounts of butter and cheese. Much land too, is good for grazing and there is much hunting for wild animals that range round in the forests.

"Ah, but the winters are so long, so very long and cold.

Polar regions in the north very very cold; even in the far southern parts, winter sets in in October and runs on until about May 15, but there are some thaws of several days duration during this time. Spring comes very suddenly and lasts about a month, then it is summer, very quickly dry and very hot and disagreeable.

"But we had nice friends who had lived there many years, good schools and fine churches, most of the people being Protestants. Finnish people are mostly well educated. There are no ignorant groups. They are serious and think of getting an education, living soberly and not of ever neglecting work or business for pleasure.

"The people live to a good old age. My father is (79); one brother is (85) and another (82) years old and all are well now. My father looks after his land and stock. He has a good size place, maybe (160) acres, maybe more like (200) acres. Lots of forests too. In summer he has a great deal of wood cut and hauled in all ready for winter months. We always kept very warm and comfortable. We had plenty of foods of the kind they have there; meats lots of meat; butter; cheese, fish, etc.

"But I got my visit out, and back I came to the United States of America. I came later to San Francisco and here I work now as a second maid in a fashionable home. I have a nice place, my own room and bath, finest board and everything provided, including my uniforms, so ^{that} my wages I do not have to spend except for what I want.

"Sometimes when I see so much fine food, big quantities and so many kinds in the kitchen I just look at it, it seems

so wonderful to have so many kinds of vegetables, fish and meats, also fine lovely fruits! I just love it. It is so very nice and warm here in California all the time.

"I can speak pretty well now and so have made some friends I like very much. I shall never go back again except maybe to see my father, who is still living. I wish so much I might go to school, study again some here in American schools.

"I cannot go to the Americanization schools because they all begin classes at 7:00 and 7:30 and girls who do housework cannot get off until about 8:00. Fashionable people have dinner at 7:00 and 7:30 and we have our work to do. The foreign men work days and get off at 5:00 and 6:00 so they can attend easily but the women mostly doing work in homes cannot go and we very much wish they might give classes at 8:30 for us.

There is so much to learn here. I learn things every day, so much to see, too! I do like America.

My first distinct impression on memory was; when just beginning to walk, I found myself about the distance of a block away from my home. I was standing where three roads branched off from the main road that I passed our house. I had crept cautiously along the dry ditch-bed that ran along the side next to the fence. The embankment was just high enough so that I was hidden from view of our house. I remember the large, wooden sign-post at the cross-roads and the three high-ways branching off in different directions. But that day I got no further than this. Now I know that this sign-post read "20 mil till Hudiksvall," etc.

I was born in a small village in Norrland, a province in the northern part of Sweden. My parents came from Dalcarlia, another province that was in the north. The Dalcarlians were different in many ways to the people in Norrland.

The former were a much livelier and outspoken people. They showed their happiness in life ~~in~~ outwardly. As when they wore the brightly colored peasant costumes and in their general bright and animated behavior. The people from Dorland dressed in sombre black, especially for church and holidays. The women always wore black silk kerchiefs on their heads. My mother used to say that, when she first came here, she thought that there were no young women in this part of the country. They all looked old and sedate in their black outfits.

In the village where we lived were a number of large farms and well-to-do farmers. These people were very frugal and industrious. Many of them could hardly read or write. Their only ambition and interest was in hard manual work and in having a well-stocked farm and barn-yard. The women, inside the homes, had the very idea of work, and industry. Etc!

It was a picturesque old place. A tiny little house set very low and with an old stone wall all around the yard. They kept a goat in the yard. There were two children living there and I would run over with the older children. I would sit to the side and watch them playing jacks. This was one of their favorite games and the children were always looking for special stones to use in playing.

My own home was small and nondescript. A part of the place was wooded. These woods were beautiful and I remember once of walking through a large patch of lilies of the valley. Around the house there was some gardening and we kept the customary number of animals. But my father was not much of a farmer. He had taught school in his home town. He had ability both in speech and in writing and he helped the people of the village with any writing of documents or petitions. Each of these small communes were self-governed as far as their own immediate interests were concerned. There was a group in each village that would decide on

3) year they must spin and weave up to a certain amount. Unless they did this routine work every year they felt that they might lose their prestige. They might even be looked down upon as shiftless and lazy. In consequence their store-rooms were filled to overflowing with homespun clothing and linens that were never used. But they felt a great pride in showing off their thrift and industry.

There was of course a church and a school in the village, but my experience with either one was limited. Once, I remember, I was taken to visit the school and of being entertained with building blocks. I built these blocks up so high that they all came down with a crash. This caused a great disturbance much to the delight of the other children. But being shy I felt extremely uncomfortable. I recall that the teacher in the school was a man.

Somehow I remember the neighbors house across the way clearer than I recall my own home. ~~The~~ The neighbors house

7) were the only books that they read and reread.

My parents had always been Lutherans but now my mother came under the influence of a new religion. The mormon church, in America, were sending out missionaries into all parts of Europe. These men gave glowing descriptions of the conditions among the mormons in Utah and of the wonderful brotherhood of man that had been established there. They gained many converts and my mother was one of these. She had always taken her religion seriously. That is, she felt that people should actually live and practise their ideals. When she heard about the mormons, through the missionaries, she saw in this group of people the embodiment of all that she had hoped for. And in finding this state, right here and now, she felt that all of her hopes, desires and dreams had been made into reality. There was nothing to do but to make every effort towards gaining this paradise on earth. So it was decided that we were to go and settle with the mormons in Utah.

Our home and most of our belongings were sold at auction. My parents were not the next day as we were

3) year they must spin and weave
5) any civic or legal questions. There was
also a group that decided on the affairs
of the church and this in most cases
also included the school. If anything
very difficult or any great dissatisfaction
would arise, the community, however
small, could send their grievances direct-
ly to the king.

My mother was in a rather difficult
position here. These people lived wholly
on the objective plane and she had very
little respect for their frugality and hard
work. The women were not supposed to
sit with their hands folded in their laps.
And as they visited the knitting needles
would go as fast as the gossip. My
mother would rather read than knit.
She read everything that she could get
hold of. But she had to have her knitting
at hand when she recieved callers or
visited around. These people had a sus-
suspicion of too much reading and they
were also suspicious of people who read
very much. The bible and the psalms

young when they decided to emigrate.

An older brother was married and had already established his home, not far from where we lived. Two sisters were also grown and they refused to go with my parents to Utah. They did not approve of the new religion or of my mother for accepting it. So the family was split and scattered as well as the home and belongings. But there was nothing that could stand in the way of the zeal with which my mother had staked her all, to realize this ideal. It meant more to her than family, home or friends.

Everything was now in readiness for the journey across the ocean to our destination of the promised land. I was about four years old at this time. My brother and I, being the two youngest, and my father and mother were the only ones to leave. I remember the last night that we spent in our home. My older brother was with us throughout the whole night. He was crying and I could not help but sense the great sorrow that he felt at the separation. But the next day as we were leaving for the

8) station, I was made happy in receiving a bag of candy and a photograph of two little playmates and their family. This was the last remembrance that I had of the home where I was born.

The first distinct impression I had of the journey was in Stockholm, where we stopped to buy ourselves ~~new~~ some new clothes. I do not recall anything about the city except that I got a new hat. I remember walking out of the store wearing it and also a new red dress. The hat had a cone-shaped crown ~~a~~ with long streamers and it gave somewhat of a Mexican effect. These were the highlights in my journey so far.

The next was a terrible, stormy night when we were crossing the North Sea. It was a night of terror for my brother and I as we lay huddled together in an upper-berth of the ~~boat~~ ~~steamer~~. We held tightly to each other and to the sides of the berth as the boat, rocking like a cradle, would go so far down on one side that it seemed it could never straighten up again, then to the other side the same way. I later heard

9) later that my brother, who was a year younger than I, was afraid of "the pigs." That is, he was afraid of the noises around us. But, being older, I knew that we were on the water and I could see this dark mass of water before my eyes every minute of that night. My father was the only one of the passengers who was able to be up.

But there must have been an end to that awful night. The next thing that I ~~remb~~ remember, quite clearly, was when we changed boats at Liverpool, or some such place. From there I have recollections of hearing many fog-horns and a great deal of commotion. I can still see a faint picture of the sea-port town from the water. I remember distinctly of being on this larger boat crossing the Atlantic. I recall my father, with my brother and I by the hand, showing us the boat. We traveled second-class. The only things that stayed in my memory were the game of quoits, which they played on deck and the piano. I was very interested in the piano. It

10) was the first one that I had ever seen.
Our trip across the Atlantic seemed to run smoothly. But my mother, who was a very poor sailor, was not able to be on deck once, as I remember. I do not recall the landing in Ellis Island or the trip inland to our destination. We had been traveling with the mormon missionary during the whole trip. We were to go along with him to a small town in Utah. This town was not far from Salt Lake City. This missionary was a very fine type of person and believed sincerely in his religion.

My memory during this time is somewhat blurred. The next distinct impression that I had, was of seeing Santa Claus for the first time. It was the winter following our arrival in America and we were participating in the Christmas celebration among the mormons. The other children were very much at home with Santa Claus. They went up to him and shook his hand and sat on his lap. But my brother and I were thoroughly frightened of him. He

1) looked grotesque to us. We had never seen anyone that looked like him before. The Christmas tree looked beautiful to us and it was familiar.

From the time ~~that~~ of arriving here, my mother had experienced disillusionment. She had found neither the people nor the conditions of which she had dreamed and which she ^{had} expected to ~~see~~ find. Nearly everyone in the little town were mormons and among these were many Scandinavian families. The people were all very good and kind to us. But it was not what my mother had pictured and she could not help but show her great disappointment. The people would tell her that it was ~~pro~~ probably the new and different environment that made her feel this way. But it seemed to be something deeper than that.

We stayed on in this little town for about a year and then we moved to Salt Lake City. My mother had definitely left the mormon church long before this. There was nothing to do now but to make

12) the best of it here in the new country.

My parents were never sorry that they had come to America. But, under no circumstances would my mother have made the long, and for her a most difficult journey, back to Sweden.

When we first moved to Salt Lake, we lived across the street from the Swedish Lutheran church. My parents knew the minister & his family but they did not belong to any church at this time. They attended the Lutheran church because in this way they contacted other Swedes. My brother and I went to the Sunday-school there.

The place in which we lived, at this time, was like a tenement. The house was one of many in a large yard. There were many families and many children living here. My father had to find work of any kind so that we could live. My mother did her share by helping an ^{elderly} ~~old~~ American lady with the housework. This lady would send home lunches to us and it was in this way that I got my first taste of real American pie. I enjoyed it immensely and it was my favorite food whenever I could possibly get it.

3) We moved about three times before we finally settled down in a home of our own. My parents bought a small house located further out in a regular small home neighborhood. It was also near quite a large school.

I was now almost nine years old and I had not yet started school. It was in the fall, just before my ninth birthday, that I started my first year of regular education. By this time I had become thoroughly americanized.

It was during this time that I had my first experience with death. My brother, with my mother and some friends, had gone on a picnic into one of the beautiful canyons not far from the city. It was in the spring of the year, and in crossing over a turbulent and heavy stream, my brother had lost his footing and had fallen into the water below. My mother jumped in to rescue him but without success. She was rescued but my brother was

14) drowned. It was a sorrowful picnic party that returned home. I was playing in the neighborhood when I was told that my brother had been lost. I remember thinking that it was awful ~~for him~~ that he should be lost and all by himself somewhere and probably crying. When I got home they told me that he was dead. I was not ^{so} sure of what death meant. But I didn't feel that it was as bad as being lost. I remember going through all the rooms looking for him but he was not in the house. I did not feel at all frightened ~~of~~ ^{by} the idea of death. ~~For~~ If it had been a stranger I probably would have felt differently. I did not have ~~the~~ an opportunity to ask about him then. My poor mother was crying and a few neighbors and friends were there trying to console her.

The funeral was from our home. Again there developed a religious rift in the ~~of~~ life of my mother. She had wanted the Swedish Lutheran minister to conduct the funeral service. But neither my brother nor I had been baptized. According to the Lutheran doctrine a person dying under these circumstances

5) was a lost soul and it was impossible for an ordained minister to officiate. This hurt my mother terribly and she did not turn to the church for anything again. A Methodist American minister, whose church was nearby, read the service at the funeral. I later attended this Methodist Sunday-school, but my parents did ^{attend} ~~not go to~~ any church after that.

This experience with death, the funeral and seeing my brother in the coffin, made a deep impression on me. He looked so pure and good as he lay there. And he ^{always} had been such a good child when he was alive. A great remorse came over me because of things that I had done. We had been so close. And being that he was a year younger, I had often taken high-handed tactics towards him and in many ways had acted superior. I thought of these things after his death and blamed myself for showing such a mean spirit. I felt penitent and unworthy to stand at his grave.

I spent the next two years going to school. I liked to read and I was interested in ^{my} school-work.

16) and my studies went along in a normal way.

When I was 12 years old my parents decided moving to California. My father was now working as a carpenter, but he thought that it might be a good idea to own a small farm and be independent. With this in mind they sold the home in Salt Lake, with most of ~~the~~ our belongings. We said good-bye to our ~~new~~ friends and neighbors and boarded the train for California.

to be continued.

Mormon
Swedish
823
H. Olson.

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" I was born in a small village in Norrland, a province in the northern part of Sweden. My parents came from Dalcarlia, another province that was the north. The Dalcarlians were different in many ways to the people in Norrland. The former were a much livelier and outspoken people. They showed their happiness in life outwardly. As when they wore the brightly colored peasant costumes and in their general bright and animated behavior. The people from Norrland dressed in sombre black, especially for church and holidays. The women always wore black, silk kerchiefs on their head. My mother used to say that when she first came here, she thought that there were no young women in this part of the country. They all looked old and sedate in their black outfits.

" In the village where we lived were a number of large farms and well to do farmers. These people were very frugal and industrious. Many of them could hardly read or write. Their only ambition and interest was in hard manual work and in having a well stocked farm and barn yard. The women, inside the homes, had the same idea of work and industry. Each year they must spin and weave up to a certain amount. Unless they did this routine work every year they felt that they might lose their prestige. They might even be looked down upon as shiftless and lazy. In consequence these store rooms were filled to overflowing with homespun clothing and linens that were never used. But they felt a great pride in showing off their thrift and industry.

There was of course a church and a school in the village, but my experience with either one was limited. Once I remember I was taken to visit the school and of being entertained with building blocks. I built these blocks up so high that they all came down with a crash. This caused a great disturbance much to the delight of the other children. But being shy I felt extremely uncomfortable. I recall that the teacher in the school was a man.

Somehow I remember the neighbor's house across the way clearer than I remember my own home. The neighbor's house was a picturesque old place. A tiny little house set very low and with an old stone wall all around the yard. They kept a goat in the yard. There were two children living there and I would run over with the older children. I would sit to the side and watch them playing jacks. This was one of their favorite games and the children were always looking for special stones to use in playing.

My own home was small and non-descript. A part of the place was wooded. These woods were beautiful and I remember once of walking through a large patch of lilies of the valley. Around the house there was some gardening and we kept the customary number of animals. But my father was not much of a farmer. He had taught school in his home town. He had ability both in speech and in writing and he helped the people of the village with any writing of documents or petitions. Each of these small communes were self governed as far as their own immediate interests were concerned. There was a group in each village that would decide on any civic or legal questions. There was also a group that decided on the affairs of the church and this in most cases also included the school. If anything very difficult or any great dissatisfaction would arise the community however small could send their grievances directly to the king.

My mother was in a rather difficult position here. These people lived wholly on the objective plan and she had very little respect for their frugal

and hard work. The women were not supposed to sit with their hands folded in their laps. And as they visited the knitting needles would go as fast as the gossip. My mother would rather read than knit. She read everything that she could get hold of. But she had to have her knitting at hand when she received callers or visited around. These people had a suspicion of too much reading and they were also suspicious of people who read very much. The bible and the psalm book were the only books that they read and reread.

My parents had always been Lutherans but now my mother came under the influence of a new religion. The mormon church in America were sending out missionaries into all parts of Europe. These men gave glowing descriptions of the conditions among the mormons in Utah and of the wonderful brotherhood of man that had been established there. They gained many converts and my mother was one of these. She had always taken her religion seriously. That is, she felt that people should actually live and practice their ideals. When she heard about the mormons through the missionaries, she saw in this group of people the embodiment of all that she had hoped for. And in finding this state, right here and now, she felt that all hopes desires and dreams had been made into reality. There was nothing to do but to make every effort towards gaining this paradise on earth. So it was decided that we were to go and settle with the mormons in Utah.

Our home and most of our belongings were sold at auction. My parents were not young when they decided to emigrate. An older brother was married and had already established his home, not far from where we lived. Two sisters were also grown and they refused to go with my parents to Utah. They did not approve of the new religion or of my mother for accepting it. So the family was split and scattered as well as the home and belongings. But there was nothing that could stand in the way of the zeal with which my mother had staked her all, to realize this deal. It meant more to her than family, home or friends.

Everything was now in readiness for the journey across the ocean to our destination of the promised land. I was about four years old at this time. My brother and I being the two youngest and my father and mother were the only ones to leave. I remember the last night that we spent in our home. My older brother was with us throughout the whole night. He was crying and I could not help but sense the great sorrow that he felt at the separation but the next day as we were leaving for the station, I was made happy in receiving a bag of candy and a photograph of two little playmates and their family. This was the last remembrance that I had of the home where I was born.

The first distinct impression I had of the journey was in Stockholm, where we stopped to buy ourselves some new clothes. I do not recall anything about the city except that I got a new hat. I remember walking out of the store wearing it and also a new ~~read~~ dress. The hat had coneshaped crown with long streamers and it gave somewhat of a Mexican effect. These were the highlights in my journey so far. The next was a terrible, stormy night when we were crossing the North Sea. It was a night of terror for my brother and I as we lay huddled together in an upper berth of the steamer. We held tightly to each other and to the sides of the berth as the boat, rocking like a cradle, would go so far down on one side that it seemed it could never straighten up again, then to the other side the same way. I heard later that my brother who was a year younger than I was afraid of the "pigs." That is, he was afraid of the noises around us. But being older I knew that we were on the water and I could see the dark mass of water before my eyes every minute of that night. My father was the only one of the passengers who was able to be up.

But there must have been an end to that awful night. The next thing that I remember quite clearly was when we changed boats at Liverpool, or some such place. From there I have recollections of hearing many fog-horns and a great deal of confusion. I can still see a faint picture of the sea-port town from

the water. I remember distinctly of being on the larger boat crossing the Atlantic. I recall my father with my brother and I by the hand, showing us the boat. We travelled second-class. The only things that stayed in my memory were the game of quoits which they played on deck and the piano. I was very interested in the piano. It was the first one that I had ever seen.

Our trips across the Atlantic seemed to run smoothly. But my mother who was a very poor sailor was not able to be on deck one, as I remember. I do not recall the landing in Ellis Island or the trip inland to our destination. We had been travelling with the mormon missionary during the whole trip. We were to go along with him to a small town in Utah. This town was not far from Salt Lake City. This missionary was a very fine type of person and I was sincerely in his religion.

My memory during this time is somewhat blurred. The next distinct impression that I had was of seeing Santa Claus for the first time. It was the winter following our arrival in America and we were participating in the Christmas celebration among the mormons. The other children were very much at home with Santa Claus. They went up to him and shook his hand and sat on his lap. My brother and I were thoroughly frightened of him. He looked grotesque to us. We had never seen anyone that looked like him before. The Christmas tree looked beautiful to us and it was familiar.

From the time of arriving here, my mother had experienced disillusionment. She had found entirely the people nor the conditions of which she had dreamed and which she had expected to find. Nearly everyone in the little town were mormons and among these were many Scandinavian families. The people were all very good and kind to us. But it was not what my mother had pictured and she could not help but show her great disappointment. The people would tell her that it was probably the new and different environment that made her feel this way. But it seemed to be something deeper than that. We stayed on in this little town for about a year and then we moved to Salt Lake City. My mother had definitely left

the mormon church long before this. There was nothing to do now but to make the best of it here in the new country. My parents were never sorry that they had come to America. But, under no circumstances would my mother have made the long and for her a most difficult journey, back to Sweden.

When we first moved to Salt Lake, we lived across the street from the Swedish Lutheran church. My parents knew the minister and his family but they did not belong to any church at this time. They attended the Lutheran church because in this way they contacted other Swedes. My brother and I went to the Sunday school there.

The place in which we lived at this time, was like a tenement. The house was one of many in a large yard. There were many families and many children living here. My father had to find work of any kind so that we could live. My mother did her share by helping an elderly American lady with the housework. This lady would send home lunches to us and it was in this way that I got my first taste of real American pie. I enjoyed it immensely and it was my favorite food whenever I could possibly get it. We moved about three times before we finally settled down in a home of our own. My parents bought a small home located further out in a regular small home neighborhood. It was also near quite a large school.

I was now almost nine years old and I had not yet started school. It was in the fall, just before my ninth birthday that I started my first year of regular education. By this time I had become thoroughly Americanized.

It was during this time that I had my first experience with death. My brother, with my mother and some friends had gone on a picnic into one of the beautiful canyons not far from the city. It was in the spring of the year, and in crossing over a turbulent and heavy stream, my brother had lost his footing and had fallen into the water below. My mother jumped in to rescue him but without success. She was rescued but my brother was drowned. It was a sad day.

picnic party that returned home. I was playing in the neighborhood when I was told that my brother had been lost. I remember thinking that it was awful that he should be lost and all by himself somewhere and probably crying. When I got home they told me that he was dead. I was not so sure of what death meant. But I didn't feel that it was as bad as being lost. I remember going through all the rooms looking for him but he was not in the house. I did not feel at all frightened by the idea of death. If it had been a stranger I probably would have felt differently. I did not have an opportunity to ask about him then. My poor mother was crying and a few neighbors and friends were there trying to console her.

The funeral was from our home. Again there developed a religious rift in the life of my mother. She had wanted the Swedish Lutheran minister to conduct the funeral service. But neither my brother nor I had been baptized. According to the Lutheran doctrine a person dying under these circumstances was a lost soul and it was impossible for an ordained minister to officiate. This hurt my mother terribly and she did not turn to the church for anything again. A Methodist American minister, whose church was nearby read the service at the funeral. I later attended this Methodist Sunday-school but my parents did not attend any church after that.

This experience with death, the funeral and seeing my brother in the coffin made a deep impression on me. He looked so pure and good as he lay there. And he had always been such a good child when he was alive. A great remorse came over me because of things that I had done. We had been so close. And being that he was a year younger, I had often taken high handed tactics towards him and in many ways had acted superior. I thought of these things after his death and blamed myself for showing such a mean spirit. I felt penitent and unworthy to stand at his grave.

I spent the next two years going to school. I liked to read and I was interested in my school work and my studies went along in a normal way.

When I was 13 years old my parents decided to move to California. My father was now working as a carpenter, but he thought that it might be a good idea to own a small farm and be independent. With this in mind they sold the house in Salt Lake, with most of our belongings. We said goodbye to our friends and neighbors and loaded the train for California.

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Sweden

My grandfather with his family emigrated from Sweden in (1864). There were three ^{children} in the family, my father being the oldest, and my grandmother. My grandfather was a minister in the old country. With ^(more and more) so many of his countrymen leaving for America, he, with a religious zeal felt that a minister to the immigrants ^(was) must be sorely needed.

My grandfather, I was told, was also sadly distressed by conditions at home (in Sweden). There was a terrific amount of drinking going on through out the country. In the little village where he was minister the people were not even sober when they attended church. In every home there was a distillery in every home. ^{The whiskey pot like the coffee-pot was one of the necessities articles in every home.} From early times the people ^{Enough for their own use.} had been allowed to make their own alcohol. It was ^{considered good} nothing to start the day with a quart of whiskey and. To a great many persons ^{a quart of whiskey} it was ^{also} considered the right way to start the day. There was a drink ~~for~~ at every meal and most many got to the point where they lost ^{everything} their farms ^{they} had through drink. Agricultural activities were diminished and a many measures of corn and grain were used for whiskey instead of food which was so ^{severely} sorely needed. It got to be a ^{great} ^{problem.} This same condition was found in all the Scandi

21 main countries. ~~It~~ This was the quickest way to feel warm, comfortable and well fed. which so many of the peasants were not. living ~~in~~ as they did under the most trying conditions of cold and many times actual want.

But my grandfather felt that things were pretty hopeless in Sweden. ^{and thinking} ~~He~~ ^{also} felt that there was a need for him in the ^{new} ~~new~~ - where so many of his countrymen had gone to make their ^{new} ~~new~~. It was with this spirit and ^{feelings} that he decided to emigrate. He was then a man of 38 ⁽³⁵⁾.

Upon arriving in America he set out for the place where he would find the greatest number of Scandinavians. This was up ~~and~~ around the Great Lakes and ^{it was} here in Minnesota that he finally settled.

~~He~~ had barely enough money to bring his family over and get a roof over their heads. This he had to do with the help of ~~the~~ the people with whom he had thrown in his lot. With the barest necessities so hard to get for all these immigrants it was no easy matter to ^{have} ~~get~~ enough to share with another. Their need of a spiritual and religious leader was most urgent ^{and necessary} ^{with} them. ^{and his family} In this way my grandfather ^{was} ~~was~~ able to have a roof over their heads and their bare necessities. They had about an acre of ground that they could till. This had been cleared beforehand and the neighbors ~~did~~ helped to get potatoes and a few vegetables started. ^{a horse and some kind of vehicle was also a necessity.} and whenever my grandfather was at home he would have to turn to the ^{cultivation} farming of this

2) little ~~farm~~ small piece of land so that the family would not be in danger of starvation. ^{But the people} were kindly and thankful to have a "real" pastor among them ^{here in the wilds. **}

The minister's place in the new country was quite different from his position ^{at home.} on the homeland.

The few ministers who had followed the emigrant stream from their ^{native country} homeland stood in no official connection with the church at home.

Neither the king nor the church ^{inquired} asked ^{about} after the welfare or fate of the thousands of their people who had drifted out into the world.

But through this the immigrant developed a strong self-assurance, and the ability to look after his own interests. They had left what little security that they had ~~at home~~ and had gone into a ^{new} existence ^{where there was} extent ^{at times} ^{of} ^{life} of uncertainty and to ^{in many cases} ~~some~~ actual dangers. There was never in any sense a feeling of guardianship from their former environment.

** But the spiritual and religious life was here reared on the same hardships as their material existence.

These immigrants were ^{all} mostly of a religious turn of mind. This religious feeling had been awakened by their early training and ~~environment~~ environment. And their religious feelings did not die out or diminish during these times. And the spiritual field ^{had to} ~~must~~ have its workers to fill the needs of the immigrants. They wanted their children baptized.

and confirmed, there were weddings and deaths among the settlers. Here was a big field for the minister or religious worker.

These ^{ministers} workers had to be hurriedly prepared for their work among the people. There was no scientific ~~or~~ knowledge or academic education ^{were not de-} demanded of them. The people ~~asked~~ merely asked that their spiritual leaders have the right feelings, with a practical trend of mind and be willing to do the best that they could under the circumstances.

For the minister there was very little time for any quiet preparation of sermons. The poor vehicle ^{buggy} that the minister could afford was for the greatest part used as a study during the ride between the different meeting-places. My grandfather had to ~~to~~ make many all day trips either by buggy or on horse-back. In many places there was not even a road and he would then have to ride on his horse through the forests and the wilds. This trips he made whether it was raining or sun-shine, when it was hot and when ~~it~~ the weather was freezing cold.

In this way and under these conditions the minister would have to find his way to the different ~~homes~~ of the new-settlers one-room log-cabin. And these homes were scattered far and widely se-

5) separated from each other. For the minister there was no chance of preparation as far as study or writing of his sermon. And when the minister ^{finally} arrived at his destination the people had prepared to welcome ^{him} ~~their~~ pastor and they were eager to talk to someone. ^{rest for} ~~the~~ ^{after there would be very little} ~~in~~ ^{that night} the tiny one-room ^{cabin} ~~home~~ that the immigrant had to offer there could be very little time or place for study and meditation. But the people appreciated their pastor more for his direct contact, kindness, and understanding than for any wonderful rhetoric or academic slant ^{training} that he might have. Here the principal object was to be a real human being. That was all that mattered.

The day after the ministers arrival the log-cabin out in the wilds was transformed into a church. The other settlers came from miles around. There were, mostly ox teams, that drove up with their ^{wagon} loads of people. The little cabin would be filled to overflowing and those who could not get in would have to take part in the service from the outside. The sermon, whatever the preparation, was followed with deep concentration. The people seemed to find (a) great happiness in having the scriptures read to them. Then the holy communion was celebrated, children were baptized and those who were to be confirmed were given instruction. All these duties were per-

formed by the minister on that one day. ~~The~~
The next day the pastor had to leave this
place & and travel further on to among his
people where there was just as much work ~~that~~
was waiting for him to do. There were ^{at one place, might be} funerals
and wedding's, etc... but he had to and he would
have to console as best he could the poor
struggling human beings who were bereft of their
dear ones. Other times he would officiate at the
ceremony and take part in celebrating the happy
event. There was no wonder that under ^{all} these
circumstances the minister meant a great deal
to his congregation and that he became a
real part of their lives. And for one who was
sincerely interested in people the work was in
itself a big reward. But the minister at this time
had to have great courage and much energy.

My grandfather did not ask for ^{any} more
in his life than that he might ^{be of service} serve these
people. He and his family did not accumulate
~~and~~ any holdings of lands. During his ^{work here} whole
(life) here he could barely make even a very
primitive living for himself and family. My father
did not follow in the footsteps of his father. He
went to the north-western part of America where
he worked ~~himself~~ up into a very good position
in the ^{saw-mill} ~~industry~~ ^{fishing} and it was in this part of
the country where I was born.

2) But I had always been interested in my grandfather's history and work. To me it seemed as a worth while life. I have visited Minnesota several times ~~and~~ ^{to} and I ~~always~~ ^{like to} think of it as it was at the time when my grandfather road over the dreary wastes and through the dark and wildness of the forests that are still there in the northern part of the state. ^{I can it is difficult to} One ~~can~~ ^{pioneer} hardly believe ~~that~~ the existence of these old times when one sees the well-made roads, with their fast automobiles ^{making a regular network} going over the whole state. Now wherever one looks there are large, well-built, and sometimes beautiful churches with their inviting ^{pastorates} ~~for~~ ^{homes} that are arranged for the minister.

My grandfather was never to see or realize any of these events. He knew only the hardships. Although he ^{was doing} did the work that he was fitted for and that he loved more than anything in life, this work was done under the most difficult and primitive conditions. But he was happy and he could feel the close touch of the human beings who reached out and depended ^{to} ~~on~~ him for everything that had a deeper meaning in their lives.

He was not able to work as long as he wanted to, owing to his age and health. There

He had to be a robust and young body, as well as a high spiritual feeling for this pioneer work. But he had seen in this new country among these early settlers a regeneration from many of the ~~old~~ conditions which seemed to be inherent in the old country and it had left him with a feeling of great hope.

Swedish-American Immigrant--Man

I left Sweden and came to America in 1918. My family was one of the old families in Sweden that had received special landed privileges from the king, but we were not of the nobility. Our estate was located in Skåne, one of the southern provinces of Sweden. This estate had been in our family possession over one hundred and fifty years.

My education at home had included German, French, and English. I was able to understand and speak English fairly well when I came to America. Before and at the time that I left Sweden, I had become interested in the political situation in my native land. The social-democratic type of government had then begun to replace the old conservative policy of the country. I travelled throughout Sweden making speeches on trades-unionism and socialism. I was very enthusiastic for the cause, and everywhere I went I found a great response and a high hope among the workers who had now become awakened to the necessity of uniting in trade unions and through this solidarity demanding their rights. Due to the swift industrialization of the country, Sweden now faced the problem of the industrial worker. Directly after the war Sweden faced a great crisis in her affairs. The events that had taken place in Russia helped to put a scare into the scandinavian governments. During the civil war in Finland, Sweden, being the natural ally of Finland, was asked to send her troops to fight the "Red" Army. Sweden refused to send troops, but Germany came to the rescue of Finland instead. The Swedes were ~~were~~ probably afraid to interfere at the time in the case ^{that a} ~~of~~ the success of the "Red Army" in Finland would lead to their continuing their way down through Sweden. But whether or not the fact that the Bolshevists are so close ~~th-teen~~ to them is the cause, the Scandinavian countries have left no stone unturned in the way of social reforms.

After universal suffrage was accomplished in 1921, when the women received their political rights, the Social Democratic party became the strongest in Parliament. The party's chief representative, Branting, was twice minister-of-state and chief over a state's committee composed of social democrats. To the extreme left in the Swedish Parliament, there is now a Communist party. This was patterned after the pattern of the Russian Bolsheviks. Naturally this party is far from satisfied with the social democrats and their reforms. But owing to the dire position of the ruling class, something had to be done, and done quickly, to satisfy the workers who were then on the point of active revolution. It was a very critical time for the country. The king and his family were in readiness to leave Stockholm at any time. To save themselves Parliament, the king, and all individuals of high political power have had to work for one social reform after another. This has made the country more and more democratic, and the result has been that many laws and regulations for the betterment of working conditions have been put into progress. And these parliamentary reforms have kept the country together.

Conditions among the workers in Sweden were probably never as bad as in the larger industrial nations. But conditions were bad enough and would have grown worse had not the workers organized. The Swedish worker has literally fought for better hours, better pay, and for a little more security in their living. These objectives have been accomplished through their unions. The employers have also organized to counteract the workers, but the workers have had a strong ally in the fact that socialism had so much power in the government. The party stood behind the workers in all their demands. When the trades-union movement arrived in the country, it came along with socialism. The laws that have been enacted and enforced are those that protect workers from the health and bodily dangers of certain trades; the regulation of child labor, and also of women's work, accident and sick insurance, and an eight hour day. The state also gives help in the way of loans to workers, so

that they may be able to own their own homes. The state established a universal pension law in 1913. Before this time, only those who worked directly for the government were pensioned. Now every swedish man and woman has a right to a pension when unable to work. At the age of sixty-seven years they are entitled to it under any circumstances. There are some restrictions in the cases of prisoners, drunkards, and those who have tried to defraud in any way. This pension law necessitates that all those able to work must give to the state a yearly pension fee. This fee must be given by all those from the age of sixteen to sixty-seven. The amount of this annual fee is regulated by the amount of the yearly income. The state and the different communities have to make up a deficit on this amount. The sum collected from the workers combined with the interest on the money is not enough to give each old person even the most meagre existence. The highest yearly pension is about 350 kroner for men and about 300 kroner for women. The reason for giving the women less per month is due to the fact that their average life time is longer. There are also more old ladies than old men although there are over 4,000 more boys than girls born yearly. The old age pensions are also more costly here because Sweden has double the number of old people, over sixty seven years than any other civilized state.

Industrialization of the northern countries has brought many new problems to the scandinavian people. Norway tried to solve matters by holding back her industrial development. She tried to keep it within certain bounds and tried to keep out greed and exploitation by holding the large natural resources or utilities within the grasp of the government. But this is a difficult thing to do. The northern countries are poor, and the farm lands are not able to support the people. These countries have great natural resources such as water, forests, and mines, that are ideal for industry and industrial development. And at once there is the great

temptation to exploit both the country and its people. The scandinavian countries have been grappling with these problems for years and are still at it. They have seen what has happened in the older industrial nations and are trying to work out their own salvation.

One thing that Sweden has had to do on a grand scale is the taxation of large incomes, estates, and inheritances. This has not been so popular with the large landed families who have lived on their large ancestral estates for centuries. These old places have gone down from father to son for several hundred years. Now there is an inheritance transfer, and a large sum goes back to the government. Many of these old estates have been grants from former kings, and these families have lived according ~~to~~ to old tradition^s and customs. They have been, more or less, a law unto themselves. But the times have changed drastically for this class. The taxation laws have been enforced by the government, and with this money the state has been able to support and work out many of the social reforms that otherwise would have been impossible. There is necessarily a big national debt as the state has not hesitated in getting deeper and deeper in debt in order to work out its many problems. It is difficult to say whether a country fundamentally based on the old principles can continue working out its own salvation and fulfill the many ~~old~~ obligations towards its people. But the scandinavian countries have worked hard in their efforts toward a safe democratic government.

My reasons for coming to America were purely personal. By this I mean that it was more of ~~and~~ a monetary decision on my part, and I probably made a big mistake. When I first came to this country, I worked as a mechanic in a garage, and I received fairly good wages. I spent most of my money on drink and in having a "good time." I have always been of a jovial and happy disposition, and I had many friends at the time who were glad to receive me and who knew of my family in Sweden. For ~~the~~

last five years I have practically had no steady work, and finally I had no work of any kind. The last year and a half I have been working as janitor and doing odd jobs in an apartment house. But I could never have lived on this work if it had not been for the kindness of the woman manager who has taken me in and given me a roof over my head. I enjoy life. I am able to get a drink once in a while.

I don't believe that I shall ever return to Sweden or see any of my family again. I am now about fifty years old, but I feel that my life is at an end as far as any worth while effort is concerned. But I want to go on living. I don't like to talk too much about myself or my personal affairs. I had a gift of speech and the ability to hold peoples interest and attention during the time I was making my tours in Sweden. I enjoyed this public work. I really felt that it was a great and worth while object in life to help my fellow-man. But I was probably too weak in character to go very far in anything that would take much moral stamina. For a person of my character, there is always something that comes along and trips him up. Even with the best intentions, things go wrong. I have no contact with my family or my friends. My former life, my education, are all things of the past. But I am still able to get a drink once in a while, and this is one of my greatest pleasures.

~~Swedish~~ January 21, 1933—
Biography of a Swede who came to
America in 1900.—

I was born in northern Sweden
in a town ~~where the entire pop-~~
^{of which} ulation depended almost entirely
on the local iron smeltery and steel
mill for a living.

My father was foreman in the tube
department of the steel mill and made
a comfortable living for his family.

I attended school and got a fair ele-
mentary education. When I was 14 I
got a job carrying mail from the rail-
road station, about 3 English miles
from the town, to the town post office.
This work was not ^{as a rule} hard, and did not
interfere with my schooling but
in the winter I was often taxed to
my limit as I had to drag a sled and
often had to break trail through the
fresh snow.

I grew up big and strong like
most of the people in that country
and at 17 started to work in the mills.
I soon got a job in the machine shop
and learned the machinist trade over.

Geography of the United States
 James Smith 1850
 1850 1850

much as I could learn in a shop devoted to specializing on steel mill up keep.

When I was 20 my father advised me to go to America. He pointed out to me that men in steel mills and smeltery work seldom lived beyond 40. The hard and almost continuous work in excessive heat wore them out in a comparatively short time and if they did not die they were not good for much after 40.

My passage to America was arranged for and I was given a generous allowance for expenses and spending money. I spent a week in Stockholm before taking the boat for New York.

It was my first experience in a large city and I had a great time. It also familiarized ^{me} with cities as such and so I was not quite as green as I might have been when I reached America.

The trip across was quite an adventure for me and I had a fine time. I was on a Swedish steamer and got along well, everyone speaking my

language. ^{III} My only regret was that I could not go down into the engine room and see the machinery.

At New York, after the necessary formalities had been completed with, I took the train for Chicago where I was met by my sister and her husband who had come to America several years before.

I soon got a job in a machine shop run by a Swede and where most of the men employed were Swedes. I began to learn English also learn American customs and methods and add to my knowledge of the trade. After a short time I started to night school and learned to read and write English also learned considerable about the country that I planned to make myself a citizen of. After two years in Chicago things got slack and I was laid off. It was then that I heard of a job at a copper mine in the mountains of Tennessee. I went down there and took the job. It was a black country the farms

from the smelter had killed most of the vegetation in the district. The people though were very kind and hospitable and I was taken in as one of them. I lived in a private family and paid \$2.50 per week for board, room and washing and all the moonshine I wanted. I worked as a machinist and after a while got on piece work, turning up car axles, as there was not much in the way of amusements and the company did not care how long I worked or how much money I made. I started to get together quite a surplus. I let my earnings ride with the company. There was almost no chance to spend them.

after working at this copper mine for about a year I suddenly got the urge to go back to civilization.

I drew my money over \$1500 - packed my belongings, and set out for Knoxville. In Knoxville I went to a cheap hotel as my clothes were pretty shabby.

While paying for a much needed haircut in the hotel barber shop I foolishly pulled out my roll. That night I was robbed; my room was entered while I slept and my clothes and grip taken, the money however, I had hidden under the mattress and the thief evidently fearing to disturb me had not looked there so I still had it.

Next day I got some new, up to date clothes and set out for Chicago. I stayed in Chicago for a while and had a good time. About this time there was a strike in the Santa Fe machine shops in New Mexico. The railroad gave free fare and meals to machinists who would sign up for work there so I took advantage of this chance to go west on a free ticket. I did not want to be a strike breaker and never had any intention of being one - just wanted the trip.

Just before we got to Albuquerque four other men and my self jumped the train and booked up the Union officials. We told them our story and they arranged with friendly conductors and brakemen on freight trains to take us in to Los Angeles.

After staying in Los Angeles for about a month and not ~~final~~ finding any satisfactory work, I telegraphed to my sister in Chicago, who kept my money for me, for funds to come home on.

Back in Chicago again I managed to get a good steady job at my trade and after a few years the company sent me to San Francisco to work in a branch there.

This was 20 years ago and though I left their employ on two occasions for short periods I have worked for them ever since and have every reason to believe that I can stay with them until I am pensioned.

I obtained my citizenship papers
some years ago and was married in
San Francisco. I consider myself
an American though sometimes
I think that I would like to go
back to Sweden just for a trip
and see how things are there.
I have heard that great improve-
ments ~~to~~ ^{have been made} both in industry and
in government since I left there.

Edward Jordan.



[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible, appearing as light grey smudges and lines across the upper half of the page.]

DIST. I,
Serial No. 18194.
Gertrude L. Willett/

47
Swedish Woman, from
North-Central Sweden
Alma, a cook in private
family.

50
Filed 11/10/20

*Duplicate -
But cf. 176*

SWEDISH WOMAN COMES TO AMERICA FOR
PURPOSE OF BETTER WAGES,

The lure of generous wages for finer cooking in a private American home brought this Swedish woman, named Alma to the United States. She was well trained previously, having been employed in the capacity of a cook in the Royal Family of Sweden.

"My home in Sweden was in the country, or rather adjacent to a small village where we attended school, church and could do some trading close home.

"In my home we had plenty as conditions ran in that country, plenty of what we had, but of course little variety.

"We were farmers. My father had a good sized place on which he raised stock, cattle and horses, with a few sheep. The cattle and horses as a rule are smaller than here, as I recall now sort of stunted. The sheep yield a poor grade of wool.

"We raised hay food, -also some barley, hemp potatoes in large amounts for sale and our own use. We had a garden and raised a few vegetables but as a rule few vegetables will pay for the trouble, as they do here.

"The seasons there are very different and due to long extremely cold winters, the growing season is short.

"Sweden is even colder than Norway. Winter is very, very long, Rivers and lakes are frozen and snow covers the ground five or six months of the year. In fact the ground is always covered with snow as early as August. Such a thing as 'spring weather' is almost unknown.

Swedish woman, born in Sweden, came to America in 1880, a cook in private family.

Swedish woman, born in Sweden, came to America in 1880, a cook in private family.

SWEDISH WOMAN COMES TO AMERICA
IN 1880 AS COOK IN PRIVATE FAMILY.

The first of her numerous wages for dinner cooking in a private American home brought her to Sweden, named Alice to the United States. She was well trained previously, having been as young as the majority of a girl in the local family of Sweden. My home in Sweden was in the country, on a small estate, and adjacent to a small village where we attended school, church and could do some trading close home.

"In my home we had plenty as conditions ran in that country, plenty of what we had, but of course little variety. We were farmers. My father had a good sized place on which he raised stock, cattle and horses, with a few sheep. The cattle and horses as a rule are smaller than here, as I recall now sort of stunted. The sheep yield a poor grade of wool.

"We raised hay food, - also some barley, heavy potatoes in large amounts I raised and our own use. We had a garden and raised a few vegetables but as a rule few vegetables will pay for the trouble, as they do here.

"The seasons there are very different and due to long extremely cold winters, the growing season is short.

"Summer is very short and winter is very long. Rivers and lakes are frozen and snow covers the ground five or six months of the year. In fact the ground is always covered with snow or ice, and a thin layer of vegetation is almost entirely killed.

51

"My old country is really quite beautiful. About half the ^{surface} country is covered with forests, pine, birch and fir trees, all of them like a picture. There are very many lakes, of great beauty, and the rivers too are beautiful, all flowing down the slopes, south eastward.

"Only a very small area of the country is fit for farming and cultivation, and even this is not very fertile. My father had to work with his land, fertilizing it etc.

"But we had plenty of wood, which was cut and hauled and stored in convenient places for winter use. We had built sheds usually adjacent to the house and barn, where the men had access one to another without going outside, or too much exposure for after hewing and hauling the logs, the cutting in stove lengths was usually done in winter during the long cold spell.

"We stored the winter vegetables too, and vast bins of potatoes. Fish too is found there in such abundance, abounding in all the lakes and rivers, that in consequence fish forms a very important part of the diet.

"In fact we dried, pickled and otherwise preserved fish for winter use. Often we ^{smoked} ~~used~~ certain kinds. We also smoked beef and ~~utton~~ and prepared many other foods for winter, which we secured in the milder season.

"Farther North the reindeer is about the only animals raised successfully. Of course there are wild animals in the forests

"My old country is really quite beautiful. About half the country is covered with forests, pine, birch and fir trees, all of them like a picture. There are very many lakes, of great beauty, and the rivers too are beautiful, all flowing down the slopes, and eastward."

"Only a very small area of the country is fit for farming and cultivation, and even this is not very fertile. My father had to work with his hand, fertilizing it all. "But we had plenty of wood, which was cut and burned and stored in convenient places for winter use. The land itself was usually adjacent to the house and barn, where the men had access one to another without going outside, or too much exposure in either heating and lighting the logs, the cutting it down, and the usual work in winter during the long cold spells. "We stored the winter vegetables too, and great bins of potatoes. Fish too is found in some abundance, abundant in all the lakes and rivers, that in consequence fish forms a very important part of the diet."

"In fact we dried, pickled and otherwise prepared fish for winter use. Often we had certain kinds. We also prepared meat and vegetables and prepared many other things for winter, which we secured in the winter season. "Further North the reindeer is about the only animal raised successfully. Of course there are wild animals in the forest;

many kinds such as foxes, martens, lynx. Then there are rabbits and squirrels, these the men hunted all through the winter and we liked them for fresh meat.

"Life there was very different from over here in America. We prepared for the long winter with great care. We had food supplies carefully hoarded, the wood for fuel, and we always looked out to have necessary supplies in the house, in case the weather was severe, making it hard to go after supplies.

"Then too in our household supplies, such as every day clothing, sheets and pillow cases towels etc we always kept what now appears to me vast amounts. This was necessary, for when I lived there at home, we never washed but once in five or six weeks, so with a large family many pieces of everything were necessary.

"When we did the laundry, we washed for several days, rested, and then ironed for as many days, until all the linens and other clothes were fresh and clean and back in their accustomed places.

"We children had quite a distance to go to school. We usually all went together, warmly dressed, sometimes several pairs of knitted hose etc worn one over the other. If the weather was very extreme, such as when blizzards came down from the North with severity an older member of the family would take us, often in a sled, or a neighbor might take the children of several families together, the fathers taking turns to get the children to school.

We were usually home again by 4:00 or four thirty, when we always found coffee ready. You know the Swedish people drink a very great deal of coffee, adults and children alike. We had some rolls with jam, or Swedish pastry which we made at home, or home

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"Life there was very different from over here in

...We returned for the long winter and came home.

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a very great deal of butter, eggs and chickens were

to be had, or Swedish meat which we made at home, or home

made tarts. We never felt any bad effects of so much coffee. It is so very cold, it did us good. We really had four meals a day with coffee every time. In fact the coffee pot, a great big one, always stood on the back of the big kitchen cook stove and there was coffee in it all the time. Whenever a chance person stopped in the first thing we did was to give him a cup of coffee. And when it was most severe winter weather and the men were working out in the barn or sheds, they might come in anytime for a warming and a cup of coffee.

"Sweden country is very very beautiful. You cannot appreciate how beautiful until you have seen it.

"The country is really a series of tablelands or plateaus, like successive terraces falling away from the high westward mountains into the low lying Baltic plains. The mountains are not like ordinary mountains, high jagged ridges, but just the high parts of these plains, in part heavily covered with snow and ice, which has moved downward leaving portions bare.

"While we thought the winters ^{were} ~~was~~ very cold, the climate there is really quite mild for its extreme northern position.

"There are now very good highways. The natural highways were always fine when kept up. Now these have had more care and traveling is quite good. Steam boats and other watercraft come all the way up the Gulf to the seaports when the water is free of ice. Lumbering and manufacturing wood products is very important as a national industry. They make lumber products and wood paper pulp. Stocks are largely moved after the summer thaw of ice in the waterways.

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paper mill. Stocks are largely moved after the summer thaw of ice

in the waterways.

All through Sweden good schooling is valued. Children go to the school nearest home later to the larger schools and some times to learn a trade. When I grew older I had some trips to different places. I went several times to ~~Stockholm~~ Stockholm which is a very fine city with much to see and learn. There are fine schools there too.

"I was trained to do all kinds of housework, sewing and particularly cooking. After I was out of school and had to support myself I went out as a family cook. For a while I did this becoming adept in cooking. Then I had a place working in the ~~royal~~ Royal Palace, and my cooking was liked. After a time I knew some people coming to America because they could get better wages for their work over here, and so I came too, and located in Seattle. I knew almost no English, but I tried very hard and finally got so I could understand perfectly even before I could say all I wished in English.

I had no trouble in securing good places for \$60 and ~~4~~ more per month, with all my living supplied. I can cook anything in the nicer ways, and I know how to serve, to arrange courses etc.

After I had been here a few years I met a Swedish man whom I married. He was working as a ~~logger~~ logger in one of the big lumber mills in the Northwest, on Puget Sound near Seattle. We bought us a little cottage home in this lumber town near the mills and afterwhile we had a child. Then things did not go so well and finally I had to leave my husband, or rather he went off and left me.

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and at the same time cooking. At first I was out of school and had to

enjoy myself I went out as a family cook. For a while I did

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more per month, with all my living supplies. I can cook anything

in the most easy, and I know how to sew, to arrange corners etc.

After I had been here a few years I met a Swedish man

who was married. He was working as a bookkeeper in one of

the big stores here in Seattle, on Third Street near Central.

He was a little taller than I was, and he was very kind

and afterwards he had a child. Then things did not go so well and

finally I had to leave my husband, or rather he went off and left me.

"This was a bad situation, as I had the child and no income as my husband left me nothing, simply departed. I could not leave the baby to go back to work.

"Fortunately my brother had come over in the meantime and was doing well in a job ~~xxx~~ close by. He came to see me and I told him my situation, and that the house was not paid for. I also had some good friends in Seattle, where I worked for years previous to my marriage. I went in to tell this lady about my troubles.

U
"My brother said if I would get a divorce from my ~~h~~usband, and settle the matter of the house, so he could not take it away from me, he would take a room with me, and make the payments and help me until the child was older and things were in ~~xxxx~~ better condition.

"So my brother made this good offer. Then the ~~xxxxxxx~~ husband of the lady for whom I worked in Seattle was a lawyer and said he would get me a divorce, which he did. With the help of my brother and this lady I was able to get on my feet again. Finally I arranged to work some outside my home even while the child was small. Later I took some ~~xxxxxxx~~ boarders, and with my brother's help lived very comfortably until my boy was large enough to leave.

"I was quite ill about the time of this trouble, but now I am well again and very thankful. I like America and never think of returning to Sweden unless it would be for a visit.

~~XXXX~~

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my brother and this lady I was able to get on my feet again. Finally
I arranged to work some outside my home even while the child was
well. I had the same situation, and the same result.
help lived very comfortably until my boy was large enough to leave.
"I was quite ill about the time of this trouble, but

now I am well again and very thankful. I like America and never
think of returning to Sweden unless it would be for a visit.

3) Swedish ~~is~~ Emigrant. (Man)
Born 1880 ~~tailor - journeyman~~
Came to America 1907 ~~tailor~~

I left Sweden when I was nineteen years old. With a knapsack on my ~~an~~ back, containing food and a few belongings, I was on my way to Norway. I was then what they called a "skrädare-gesäll." (a journeyman tailor.) This meant that I had served ~~some~~ time as a tailor's apprentice and that I was qualified to go from place to place and ply my trade wherever I could find work. This was to ~~q~~ learn new methods of work and to gain experience. There was also another reason for my leaving Sweden just at this time. It was to get out of the general conscription, for military training, that was forced on all able-bodied men in Sweden between the ages of 20 and 42. I was anxious, above everything else, to get away

2) from this. I even changed my name, as was the custom with so many of the fellows who left the country on account of the compulsory army training.

I was born in a village situated in the central part of Sweden towards the north. I was raised on the farm but farming was not to my taste. I had an older brother who liked the farm and he stayed home to help my father. Our farm was not large enough to support very many.

When I was 16 years old I went in as an apprentice to the village tailor. I was not very husky or strong and this work suited me much better than farming. ~~A~~ Later on I went into the nearest town where I worked in a larger shop. Here there were three other ~~fell~~ young fellows, besides myself working. As we were sewing, sitting cross-legged on the big sewing-table, they

3) Told stories and recalled adventures from their travels. These fellows came from different places throughout the country and sometimes they came from the other scandinavian countries. Working for a time in each place and then going on. They were a carefree and happy lot although it was a precarious living. ~~and~~ At times they faced both hunger and cold. But they were happy and they were gathering useful knowledge right along.

This arrangement had come down from the old days. Now, of course, there were no strict regulations or rules as when the guilds were in power. Then, all persons, who were in the same craft or trade, formed associations or groups. These groups had very strict rules which had to be followed and obeyed. They also decided on selling -

4) prices so that one master could not undersell the other and all work had to be up ~~to~~ to standard. At that time, anyone, who wanted to work in the crafts or trades had to work for a certain length of time under a "master", as an apprentice. The "master", by right, would take the apprentice into his home and raise him as if he were his own son. When the apprentice had proved himself capable he was turned out as a journeyman. Now he would say good-bye to his hometown and with knapsack on his back he wandered from place to place and out into foreign lands to learn new methods, etc.. When he got home from these journeys and was able to prove himself a master and was able to pay a certain sum, he could himself become a master with apprentices and journeymen under him. The masters

5) in each craft then organized into a guild for their own help and protection. They called themselves "brothers". If any one of them was sick, etc., the others would visit and help him. When a "master" died, the "brothers" honored him by following him to his grave with the emblem of his craft at the head of the procession and the guild had masses read for his soul. The guild was also a religious organization and had its protecting saint for each craft. The wood-worker's saint was Josef; the key-smith's was St. Peter, etc.. Each guild had its big yearly religious service. After the "service" the "brothers" and "sisters" (the masters wives) would gather in the guild-hall, ~~Here~~ which was decorated with greens and lighted candles. Here, seated on benches around

b) the long tables, with large ale-~~st~~ tankards and mugs before them, they drank toasts to all the saints in proper order. After each toast the "brothers" sang a song. It was a time of festivity as well as a religious ceremony. In those days the craftsman looked on his trade as "a holy office" organized of God. Conscientious and patient work was an honor. The handicrafts became a real art. Anything in the way of humbug or sham in the work, was considered a crime. "If no one else sees it, God sees it," was said by all.

It was during the time of the guilds and in this spirit that the great cathedrals of Europe were built. One of the largest was started in Germany, but times changed and it was never finished.

7) Mass production and free competition had set in. Work of such fine detail and perfection could only be accomplished under the strictest supervision and perfect craftsmanship.

I came from a typical peasant's home, of which there are thousands throughout the country. We were ~~so~~ nine in the family, including my father and mother. Through the hardest work and much anxiety, my father had been able to give us the absolute necessities of life. The village school was as far as we would ever get in education. I believe that I might have had a pretty good head for study and I liked to read, but there wasn't a chance for anything like that. This ~~is~~ was probably one of the reasons ~~that~~ why I took up sewing as a trade. I knew, in this way, that I would be able to get

8) out and see the world. I certainly did not want to stay on the farm although there were many who did and liked it there. My older brother asked for nothing better.

By the time I was 19 years old I had worked in several places in the vicinity of my home but I had never been outside the country. Now, as I said before, I started out for Norway. My destination was Trondhjem. I went there because it was closer than Christiania. I went along much as any journeyman might do. I stopped in two or three towns along the way where I was able to get work. I had to depend on whatever I could make along the way as I had very little money on hand. I started out with a generous supply of food from home and it was lucky that I did. One takes chances of getting

I pretty hungry going along like this.
But I enjoyed the freedom. ~~and~~ when
I got work in the different shops I
met other fellows just like myself and
they would tell about the places where
they had been.

In due time I arrived in Trond-
hjem. It was the first big city I had
ever seen. I soon found work here
and felt very much at home. I liked
the city and I liked Norway and the
~~sa~~ norwegians very much. The country
itself is marvelous. I stayed in Norway
five years; first in Trondhjem and
later I went to Christiania. This was
during the time when Norway and
Sweden were still united. But the state
of affairs was critical and the rela-
tions between the two countries had
almost come to the breaking point.

10) There was a great deal of ill feeling between the norwegians and swedes. On leaving Sweden I had taken a Jewish name and among these "~~ge~~" "gesäller" there was a feeling of free-masonry. We did not, to any great extent, get mixed up in ~~any~~ nationalistic feelings. Next week or next month we might be in some other country. But the two nations, Norway and Sweden, were very close to a war at the time the union was dissolved. Oskar II was then king. He was a fine man and it was probably due to him that war did not break out. It seems to me that these unions that have been tried out ^(between) ~~by~~ the Scandinavian countries have only led to bitterness and hatreds among the people. They are equal ~~as far as~~ ⁱⁿ size and strength and there is not a chance

1) of one becoming dominant. Then there has always been the free "bonde" (farmer) class. These "bonder" have been very independent and have hated anything in the way of compulsion ~~and~~ or serfdom. There have been times when they have been close to it, but there was always an uprising among them, for their rights. They could stand poverty and hardships but they would not become slaves. The Norwegians, I thought, were especially independent and proud but I saw them at the time when the nationalistic spirit was running high.

Of the two Norwegian cities, that I lived in, I liked Trondheim best. To me it was a wonderful town. The fact that it was the first city I had ever seen may have impressed it on my mind. But with its old cathedral

12) and its atmosphere of tradition
it made a deep impression on me.
Both Christiania and Trondhjem
are two of the oldest cities in Norway.
Trondhjem like so many of the old
cities that were entirely built of wood
was practically swept out of existence
by a terrible fire in 1681. Trondhjems
ancient name was Nidaros, just as the
ancient name of Christiania, which they
are using now, was Oslo. Both of
these cities date back to the "saga" period.

From Christiania I went to Lon-
don, England. I had now become pro-
ficient in my line of work. I had worked
in the best tailoring shops both in
Trondhjem and Christiania. London
of course would be the ultimate. I ar-
rived here on a dark, foggy day. It
was not cheerful. The city was much
darker than our northern towns. But

13) England has a great deal in common with the scandinavian countries and I did not feel a total stranger here. I was soon able to understand english and to speak the language so that I could make myself understood. I got work in one of the fashionable tailoring shops and on sundays I would promenade in Hyde Park with the rest of London. There was a sameness and a general monotony among these crowds that I watched. They all looked alike. But I soon became quite expert in noting the earmarks and differences in appearance between the gentleman of leisure and the bank-clerk or other white collar worker. ~~Because of this general monotony and sameness of style and manner among these Englishmen~~ There was just the placing of a button or the cut of a lapel would distinguish the "real" thing among

14) them. Among the class that I associated with I found them a comfortable and pleasant people to live with. While I was here I boarded. There were about a dozen of us here in the boarding-house. There were several foreigners. We had our roast-beef and puddings. The food was a little flat and tasteless. I liked the norwegian cooking better.

During my travels my parents had sold their farm in sweden and gone to America. I had been in England three years when I decided to visit my parents. But for them, I don't believe that I would have come to America. I would have gone to Germany or some other place in Europe. But it had been about eight years since I had seen my family. I always wrote to them and ~~on~~ at Christmas

15) time I sent home boxes of bright trinkets for the Christmas tree and silk handkerchiefs for the girls. I knew this tickled the younger children and even the grownups because they had never seen the brightness and the colors in the city shops. My oldest brother and ^asister were now both married. They had settled in Sweden but the rest of the family had left for America and settled on a farm in the middle-west.

I stayed a few months in New York and then I went on to Chicago. There was a different feeling in these ^(two) cities from the other places that I had lived. I couldn't tell whether I liked them or not. My parents had settled on a small farm in a village in Illinois. To all appearances they were not much better off than when they were in Sweden. But,

16) for the youngsters there were more and better opportunities here. Its pretty hard anywhere, with little money, to struggle along with a big family. ~~I stayed home for seven~~

I stayed home for several months. My parents were so happy to see me again, and there was so much to talk over, that it was hard to think of leaving. But I had decided to stay in America now. I wouldn't be so far away and I could always come back on a visit. I wanted to see the west, which I had heard so much about. I came out here and liked it. I have always worked in shops under someone else and when I was younger I made good money. I have ~~been~~ ^{worked} in Los Angeles making suits for the movie stars and I invested my earnings in real-estate. I married quite

17) late in life. I was about 40 years old.

My wife is only a year or two younger than I. I was glad to settle down in a home of my own. My wife was quite musical and I was able to give her a piano so that she could go on with her studies. She is an American. We haven't had a family but we have enjoyed our home together. I am thankful not to be starting out at the present time, to face the world, with a knapsack on my back and two empty hands. Conditions seem to be more static and unyielding now than when I first started out. There was then, I believe, a freer movement of economic values. This was, no doubt, a result and a part of the general impetus on economic conditions, that the ~~an~~ new order of free trade and free competition had set in motion, a few decades before.

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Swedish-American Immigrant
Born 1878
Came to America in 1898--Woman

I was born in a village in the eastern part of Sweden a few miles from Sundsvall. We lived on a small farm, and our circumstances were the same as thousands of other peasant families who represent the largest part of the population of the country.

We were nine children in the family. My father had all he could do to get along and to provide his large family with the bare necessities of life. Many times we had to scimp very closely on even the most necessary items. We probably had enough to eat or at least as much as was good for us to have. We were not fastidious, and as each one of us had our allotment pretty well doled out to us we didn't get a chance to become gluttons. There was always porridge and fresh milk, but with so many mouths to feed there wasn't so much for each one, and the cream had to be skimmed off the milk. We only had the one cow on the farm to supply us with milk and butter. At the table my mother would look around to see that the children had enough to eat, and many times there was very little left for her. There was always a straining to stretch provisions so that they would go around. To get enough food was the main problem. We could get along with almost anything to wear as long as it was warm enough for the winter. There was no thought of style or of how we looked. A new dress was not to be thought of, let alone a reality. The heavy home-spun materials lasted forever. The younger children grew into the older ones' clothes.

In a household like ours, the older children soon had to shoulder responsibility and concern for the younger ones. This is harder for some children to do than it is for others, because some do not give in as easily as others. I was next to the eldest of the girls. My elder sister was only a year older than I, but we were entirely different in temperament and behaviour. My sister was the quiet type and easily managed. Even as a small child, I was hard to rule, and my temper was vicious.

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Mother told me of how I would lie on the floor kicking and screaming if I didn't get my own way. These outbursts would go over as quickly as they came, and I could be very nice when I wanted to. As my sister and I grew older there was also a vast difference in our attitude towards our chores and in taking care of the younger brothers and sisters. I would fight with the little ones and was always making them cry. And ^{at} the first opportunity I would be off chasing around the neighborhood, leaving the work and responsibility on my sister. Living on the farm as we did with so many children in the family, there was always plenty of work to be done. My sister assumed more than her share of work and responsibility, and she never grumbled about it.

Mother also used to tell me of how I kept her in "hot-water" with the neighbors most of the time. I was always teasing the children in the neighborhood and calling them all sorts of names. I don't know why I did it, but I loved to keep things stirred up, and I certainly got their "goats".

It was with a sigh of relief that my mother saw me depart for the nearest town where I was to work as housemaid in a fairly substantial middle-class family.. I was only fifteen at this time, but I was big and strong for my age. I was fully developed. My elder sister had to leave home and find work too as the younger ones came along. But whenever we were free or out of work we went back home until our next job. My sister would fall right into line and help with the work on the farm as soon as she was home again. But I believe they were all happier when I was away.

I realize now that it must have been a great hardship on my poor family during the times that I didn't have work and had to stay home. I had become a little more sophisticated in the city, and I was very fond of clothes. I enjoyed dressing up. During the times when I had to stay home, I dressed in my long, sweeping skirts, and I always wore a hat just as they did in the city. Womens' hats were especially obnoxious to these plain simple people out in the country. They actually thought that it was sinful for a woman to wear a hat. The women here wore black silk kerchiefs.

on their heads when they dressed for church and holidays. Their costume was a black skirt and jacket. When I attended church wearing my city clothes and a hat on my head, I created a furor among the native villagers. I was a bone of dissension between the old ladies and some of the younger ones too. My mother begged me to dress like the others, and do away with the friction and gossip. These people felt that any show of vanity in dress or behavior was a sure sign that one had gone to the devil. They were very puritanical and everything was a sin to them. They were so narrow-minded that it is almost unbelievable. My mother was well-liked among her neighbors, otherwise she would have been blamed and highly censored for my conduct. But as it was, they merely felt sorry for her and sympathized with her for the trials and tribulations that she was suffering because of me. They would always console her with the fact that the rest of the family were exemplary in every way. I didn't mind all this gossip and talk a bit. I guess that I really took a delight in doing the things that provoked it. They were so self-righteous and narrow-minded about everything. Anything outside of their small village and mode of life was entirely wrong and subject to the most scathing criticism. I was very good-looking as a girl, and I enjoyed flaunting myself in front of their pinched-up, sniffing noses. I also had a sharp tongue in my head, and they got all they asked for ~~if~~^{if} they said anything ~~that~~ directly to me. But it was over the coffee-cups and amongst themselves that they filled in their time with gossip.

At the age of twenty, I was ready to leave my native land. I was going to America. I had heard so much of this wonderful country and of the golden opportunities to be found here. I also thought of how different everything would be in outlook and environment.

It was hard to leave my parents and all my brothers and sisters. Underneath my obstreperousness I had a deep devotion for my home and family. I was of an emotional nature. My feelings underneath my seething actions were not mean or debased. My

feelings were true and fine as those who were quiet and submissive on the outside but rebellious within. At least everything that I did was in the open. The parting from my family was the first real sad experience of my life. In going so far away, the chances were that I would never see them again. But I was adventurous enough to enjoy the idea of a new and ~~entirely~~ ^{entirely} different environment. Several of my personal friends and school-mates were already in America. They wrote letters home telling about how wonderful everything was over here and how fine they were getting along. I was the first one in our ~~family~~ family to break away. So many families were split up; at least one out of each family had left for America. I decided to go to Chicago. I had one or two friends there that I could possibly get in touch with, but that was all.

After a terrible voyage crossing the Atlantic, I finally arrived in America. Our trip on the ocean was so rough that I thought that we must surely go to the bottom. But I didn't care much whether we did or not--I was so sea-sick. When I left the boat on this side, I didn't look quite as rosy and plump as when I left home. But I was strong and healthy. I lived through it, and it didn't take me long to recuperate. I came over steerage. I had a big lunch from home that lasted me during the whole trip over. I still had part of it left when I arrived in Chicago. But it was not very appetizing, and I was anxious to try some of the food that was so temptingly displayed along the way. I remember the first tomatoes that I tried to eat. They looked so tempting and perfect. The first bite was a horrible disappointment, and it was a long time before I had the courage to try it again. I liked bananas a little better, although at first they seemed tasteless and insipid. Gradually I got so that I enjoyed all of the new delicacies. On the farm, in Sweden, we were not accustomed to any variety in our food. In the city, when I was working, there was a greater variety to choose from, but even in the city the poorer classes could only afford the simplest food for their steady diet. We only had white bread for Christmas and special occasions.

When I arrived in Chicago, I immediately got in touch with one of my girl friends from home. She had been here about two years. Through her I got work as a housemaid in a large home. I didn't get much pay, but everything looked perfectly grand and promising to me. I had my board and room so that the three or four dollars I received per week were my own. I owed for a part of my trip over here, but I felt that I could easily take care of that. For the present I was anxious to buy a new hat and shoes and to dress according to the newest styles here. I looked pretty countrified and poor in my finery from home. I was all eyes to see what the girls in America were wearing. It wasn't long before I was rigged out as fine as anyone in my class. In my natural state I had a very good figure, but those were the days of the hour-glass silhouette. The only way that one could possibly have the figure that was in style was to lace^e-up in the steel-ribbed corsets that were worn at the time. I laced so tightly that it was a wonder I could breathe. It was pretty hard on a strong and robust peasant constitution, but I did not falter when it came to being in style, and I certainly looked the perfect - stylish figure of those days. Even the simple clothes that I could afford looked like a million dollars on me. The wealthy women for whom I worked could well look upon me with envy as I started out on my day off. Dressing up was really my whole life and enjoyment.

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of where he was taking me. Finally he stopped in front of a place and escorted me up the stairs. I held on to my suit-case in which I had all my belongings. Just as we got to the head of the stairs, the doors on either side of the hallway flew open, and in each doorway was a woman poking her head out to see who was arriving. Green as I was and knowing nothing of the ways of the world, I didn't like the looks of it. My intuition and fear more than anything else told me to get out of there as quickly as possible. So while the cab-driver was talking to a woman, ~~ei~~ evidently about me, I grabbed my suit-case and ran down the stairs and out into the street. I was now feeling frightened and uneasy. I went up to a policeman who directed me to a safe place for the night. I didn't even understand the language.

It was through the church that I made friends, and I met new acquaintances here. I joined the ~~Swedish~~ Methodist Church in Chicago although in the old country my parents were Lutherans, and I had been baptized into the Lutheran faith. I belonged to the Methodist Church here for a number of years. They were not as strict as the Lutherans about dancing and having a good time. I believed in God and in going to church, but I also wanted to have fun and enjoy life. I went to dances when I was home in the old country, and this was another thing that I was criticized for doing. But I loved to dance. During the winters at home I would hike miles in the snow and cold to get to a dance. Often my long heavy skirts were wet and frozen to the knees when I got home from tramping through the snow. It was a wonder that I didn't die of consumption. During the winter, it took forever for the clothes to dry after they were washed. Often when I went out I put on underclothes that were almost wet. My sister and I slept in a small store-house across the yard from the house, and we often ran back and forth through the snow barefooted. There were quite a few cases of T. B. among the young people. I knew several in the neighborhood of my home who had died of it.

As I was saying, here in Chicago I belonged to the church, and I also had a good time. I met many young people through the church, and the atmosphere was sociable and happy. It was here that I met the man whom I later married. I imagine there were many "matches" like this made through the church. My husband was from the southern part of Sweden and had only been in this country two or three years when I first met him. He came here a regular "greenhorn" directly from a small farm in Vermland. At the time that I met he was working as a carpenter. He had "picked up" this trade since coming to America. So many of the immigrant men got into the building trades. He was a hard worker, and he did his work well, but he never got any farther than working for somebody else. He never became a boss or a contractor on his own. We had many friends who were contractors ~~and bosses~~ and bosses on big building jobs, and they were not any "smarter" than my husband.

We had a nice enough home and enough left over for fairly decent clothes and plenty to eat. We managed to build and own a two-flat house in Chicago. We had our home in one flat and rented out the other one. Both my own and my husband's position here was far better than we had ever had in Sweden. I am sure that neither one of us could have done as well if we had stayed in the old country. At the time when we came over, there seemed to be plenty of room for all, and there was work enough as far as I could tell. My husband was big and very strong. He worked as much as any two ordinary men. He simply could not take it easy on the job or even work with any degree of moderation. I guess the men who worked with him didn't like it much. For many of them it was physically impossible to keep up with him. Naturally the boss liked it, and my husband had work when others were laid off. But this was during his best years. He couldn't keep up this pace forever. So after a number of years he decided to leave the city and get a farm where he could work for himself. He was now getting older, and he knew that he couldn't keep up with the terrific strain of working for bosses much longer.

We sold our property in Chicago and bought a small farm in Michigan. We didn't do so very well on the farm, and it took plenty of hard work. I don't believe that a city dweller moving out on a farm can make much of a success of it. Both my husband and I were raised on the farm and there was no one to drive you to ~~death~~ ^{however, my husband} ~~was~~ not to enjoy his freedom so very long. We had only been on the farm about four years when he died. He was then about fifty years old.

Our two daughters were at the high school age when we moved to the farm. During the time that we were on the farm, they both graduated from high school. The eldest girl went to normal college as she wanted to be a school teacher. About the time she had finished her normal training she got married. The young man that she married was our neighbor. And now this son-in-law and my daughter have taken over our farm. There isn't much money to be made on it, but it is a home for us. My younger daughter married a young man whose home is here in the west.

I have always enjoyed the companionship of my two daughters, and I have tried to keep my point of view sympathetic towards the young. I believe that my own nature and temperament are of the kind that keep a youthful outlook on things longer than some. Although now I am beginning to feel the weight of years. Through my experience when I was young I should have learned tolerance if it can be learned. My elder daughter has more of my temperament, but she will never have the robustness of personality or physique that I had as a girl. My life was different, of course, from that which my daughters have experienced. They have always been protected and sheltered. Although I must say that my daughters have developed their mental capacities much more than I ever did. Outside of the meagre ~~scholastic~~ schooling I received in the village school in Sweden, there was no effort on my part or anyone else to open my mind to anything intellectual. I was bright enough, but my environment was such that there was no stimulus for anything outside the strictly utilitarian was ~~considered~~ ^{concerned}. I never contacted those things that might have opened up other vistas for me. The circumstances of my life were never such that those things were considered.

I had left the church some time before we moved to the farm. I ~~can~~ became interested in the New Thought teachings, and I received a great deal of help and inspiration from them, Although at the time ~~that~~ ^{at that time} I belonged to the church I denounced these same teachings utterly. To ~~me~~, ~~then~~, they were absolutely irreligious.

I didn't see my parents again before they died, and I know that I shall never see Sweden again. I have a brother and a sister here in America, but the rest of the family stayed in the old country.

Swedish - American Immigrant.

Born (1878)

Came to America in (1898).

(Woman)

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We sold our property in Chicago and bought a small farm in Michigan. We didn't do so very well on the farm and it took plenty of hard work. I don't believe that a city dweller moving out on a farm can make much of a success of it. Both my husband and I were raised on the farm but that didn't seem to help any. But at least my husband enjoyed the work on the farm and there was no one to drive you to death. He was not to enjoy his freedom so very long. We had only been on the farm about four years when he died. He was then about fifty years old.

Our two daughters were at the high school age when we moved to the farm. During the time that we were on the farm they both graduated from high school. The elder girl went to normal college as she wanted to be a school teacher. About the time she had finished her normal training she got married. The young man that she married was our neighbor. And now this son-in-law and my daughter have taken over our farm. There isn't much money to be made on it but it is a home for us. My younger daughter married a young man whose home is here in the west.

I have always enjoyed the companionship of my two daughters and I have tried to keep my point of view sympathetic towards the young. I believe that my own nature and temperament are of the kind that keep a youthful outlook on things longer than some. Although now I am beginning to feel the weight of the years. Through my experience when I was young I should have learned tolerance if it can be learned. My elder daughter has more of my temperament but she will never have the robustness of personality and physique that I had as a girl. My life was different, of course, from that which my daughters have experienced. They have always been protected and sheltered. Although I must say that my daughters have developed their mental capacities much more than I ever did. Outside of the meagre schooling that I received in the village school in Sweden there was no effort on my part or anyone else to open my mind to anything intellectual. I was bright enough but my environment was such that there was no stimulus for anything outside the strictly utilitarian ~~was considered~~. I never contacted those things that might have opened up other vistas for me. The circumstances of my life were never such that those things were considered.

I had left the church some time before we moved to the farm. I came interested in the New Thought teachings and I received a great deal of help and inspiration from them. Although at the time that I belonged to the

church I denounced these same teachings utterly. To me then they were absolutely irreconcilable.

I didn't see my parents again before they died and I know that I shall never see Sweden again. I have a brother and a sister here in America but the rest of the family stayed in the cold country.
old

Swedish-American Immigrant.

Born 1878

~~2160~~ (woman)

Came to America in 1898

I was born in a village in the eastern part of Sweden, a few miles from Sundsväl. We lived on a small farm and our circumstances were the same as thousands of other peasant families throughout the country.

We were nine children in our family. My father had all he could do to get along and to provide us with the bare necessities of life. Many times we had to scimp very closely on even the most necessary items. We probably had enough to eat or at least as much as was good for us. We were not fastidious and as ~~we~~ each one of us had our allotment pretty well doled out we didn't get a chance to become gluttons. There was always the

2) Porridge and fresh milk but with so many to feed there wasn't so much for each one and the cream had to be skimmed off the milk. We only had the one cow to supply us with milk and butter. At the table my mother would look around to see that we children had enough to eat and many times there was very little left for her. There was always a training to stretch provisions so that ~~they~~^{there} would be enough to go around. To get ~~e~~ enough food was the main problem. We could get along with almost anything to wear as long as it was warm enough for the winter. There was no thought of style or of how we looked. A new dress was not to be thought of; let alone a reality. The heavy homespun materials lasted forever. The younger children growing into the older ones' clothes.

3) I'm a household like ours ~~was~~
the older children soon had to
shoulder responsibility and concern
for the younger ones. It is hard for
some children to do this as they don't
give in as easily as others. I was next
to the ~~eldest~~ of the girls. My elder sister
was only a year older than I but we
were entirely different in temperament
and behavior. My sister was the quiet
type and easily managed. Even as a
small child I was hard to rule and
I had a vicious temper. Mother told
me of how I would lie on the floor
kicking and screaming if I didn't get
my own way. These outbursts would
go over as quickly as they came and
I could be very nice when I wanted to.
As my sister and I grew older there
was also a vast difference in our
attitude towards our chores and in

4) taking care of the younger brothers and sisters. I would fight with the little ones and I was always making them cry. At the first opportunity I would be off chasing around the neighborhood and leaving the work and responsibility on my sister. Living on the farm, as we did, and with so many children in the family there was always plenty of work to be done. My sister assumed more than her share and she never grumbled about it. Mother also used to tell me how I kept her in hot-water with the neighbors most of the time. I was always teasing the children in the neighborhood and calling them all sorts of names. I don't know why I did it but I loved to keep things stirred-up and I certainly got their "goats".

So it was with a sigh of relief that

5) my mother saw me depart for the nearest town where I was to work as housemaid in a fairly substantial middle-class family. I was only fifteen at this time but I was big and strong and fully developed. My elder sister had to leave home and get work too as the younger ones came along. But whenever we were free or out of work we went back home until our next job. My sister would fall right into line and help with the work on the farm but I believe they were all happier when I was away. I realize now that it must have been a hardship on my poor family during the times that I didn't have work and had to stay home. I had become a little more sophisticated in the city and I was very fond of clothes and of dressing up. During the times when I had to stay home

② I dressed in my long, sweeping skirts and I always wore a hat just as they did in the city. Women's hats were especially obnoxious to these plain and simple people out in the country. They actually thought that it was a sin for a woman to wear a hat. The women here wore black silk kerchiefs on their heads when they went to church. They always wore plain black clothes when they dressed for Sundays and holidays. Their costume was generally a black skirt and jacket. When I attended church wearing my city clothes and a hat on my head I created a furor among the native villagers. I was a bone of dissension ~~between~~ for the old ladies and some of the younger ones too. My mother begged me to

7) dress like the others and do away with the friction and gossip. These people felt that any show of vanity in dress or behavior was a sure sign that one had gone to the devil. They were very puritanical and everything was sinful to them. They were so narrow-minded that it is almost unbelievable. My mother was well-liked among her neighbors otherwise she would have been blamed and highly censured for my conduct. As it was, they merely felt sorry for her and sympathized with her because I was ^{such} ~~causing~~ a trial and tribulation. They would always console my mother with the fact that the rest of the family were exemplary in every way. I didn't mind all this gossip and talk a bit. I guess that I really took a delight in doing the things that provoked it. They were so self-right-

8) cows and narrow about everything. Anything outside of their small village and mode of life was entirely wrong and subject to the most scathing criticism. I was very good-looking as a girl and I enjoyed flaunting myself in front of their pinched-up, sniffing noses. I also had a sharp tongue in my head and they got all they asked for if they said anything directly to me. But it was over the coffee-cups and amongst themselves that they filled in their time with gossip.

At the age of twenty I was ready to leave my native land. I was going to America. I had heard so much about this wonderful country and of the golden opportunities that were to be found here. The thought, of how different everything would be in outlook and environment, made me anxious to

1) get here. It was hard to leave my parents and all my brothers and sisters. Underneath my obstreperousness I had a deep devotion to my home and family. I was of an emotional nature. My feelings beneath my seething actions were not mean or debased. My feelings, I believe, were as true and fine as those of many who were quiet and submissive on the outside but revolted within. At least everything I did was in the open. The parting from my family was the first ^{real} sad experience in my life. Going so far away the chances were that I would never see them again. But I was adventurous enough to enjoy the idea of a new and entirely different environment. ~~Several~~ Several of my personal friends and school-mates were already in America. They wrote letters home telling how wonderful everything was over here and

12) how fine they were getting along. I was the first one in our family to break away. So many families were split up; at least one out of the family had left for America. I decided to go to Chicago. I had one or two friends there that I could possibly get in touch with, but that was all.

After a terrible voyage over the Atlantic. I finally arrived in America. Our trip on the ocean was so rough that I thought we would surely go to the bottom. But I was so sea-sick that I didn't care whether we did or not. When I left the boat on this side I didn't look quite as rosy and plump as when I left home. I was strong and healthy and I lived through it and it didn't take me long to recuperate. I came over steerage. I had a big lunch from home that lasted

11) me during the whole trip over. I still had some of it left when I arrived in Chicago. But it was not very appetizing and I was anxious to try some of the food that was so temptingly displayed along the way. I remember the first tomatoe that I tried to eat. It looked so tempting and perfect. The first bite was a horrible disappointment and it was a long time before I had the courage to try it again. I liked bananas a little better although at first they seemed tasteless and insipid. Gradually I got so that I enjoyed all of the new delicacies. On the farm, in the old country, we were not accustomed to any variety in our food. In the city, when I was working, there was a greater variety to choose from but even in the city the poorer classes could only

(2) afford the simplest foods for their steady diet. We only had white bread for Christmas and special occasions.

When I arrived in Chicago I got in touch with one of my girl friends from home. She had been here about two years. Through her I got work as a housemaid in a large home. I didn't get much pay but everything looked perfectly grand and promising to me. I had my board and room so the three or four dollars that I recieved per week were my own. I owed for a part of the trip over here but I felt that I could easily take care of that. For the present I was anxious to buy a new hat and shoes and to dress according to the newer styles here. I looked pretty contrified and poor in my finery from home. I was all eyes to see what the girls in America were

13) wearing and it wasn't long before I was rigged out as fine as anyone in my class. In my natural state I had a very good figure but those were the days of the "hour-glass" silhouette. The only way that one could possibly have the figure that was in style was to lace-up in the steel-ribbed corsets that were worn then. I laced so tightly that it was a wonder I could breathe. It was pretty hard on a strong and robust peasant constitution but I did not falter when it came to being in style. I certainly looked the perfect stylish figure of those days. Even the simple clothes that I could afford looked like a million dollars on me. The wealthy women for whom I worked could well look upon me with envy as I started out on my day off. Dressing-up was really my whole life and enjoyment.

141) I had a funny experience when I arrived in Chicago and it might have turned out badly for me. I arrived at the station late at night. I was all alone. After leaving the train I walked out to the street. I stood there, on the sidewalk in front of the station, with my suit-case in my hand and wondering where to go. I was a little confused and dazzled by the lights and commotion around me. A cab drew up at the curb and I stepped into it thinking that I would go to a hotel. I don't remember whether I had any particular address or not. At least I made the driver understand that I wanted to get to a hotel for the night. He could tell of course that I was a greenhorn. He drove around and I had no idea of where he was going. Finally he stopped before a place

15) and escorted me up the stairs. I held on to my suit-case in which I had all my belongings. Just as we got to the head of the stairs the doors on either side of the hallway flew open and in each doorway was a woman poking her head out to see who was arriving. Green as I was, and knowing nothing of the ways of the world, I didn't like the looks of it. My intuition and fear more than anything else told me to get out of there as quickly as possible. While the cab-driver was talking to a woman, evidently about me, I grabbed my suit-case and ran down the stairs and out into the street. I had sense enough then to go up to a policeman and have him direct me as I was beginning to feel uneasy and frightened. I didn't even understand the language.

(16) It was through the church that I made friends and met new acquaintances among my Scandinavian countrymen here. I joined the Swedish Methodist church in Chicago although in the old country my parents were Lutherans and I had been baptized into the Lutheran faith. I belonged to the Methodist church here for quite a number of years. They were not as strict as the Lutherans about dancing & having a good time. I believed in God and in going to church but I also wanted to have fun and to enjoy life. I used to go to dances when I was home in the old country and ~~that~~^{this} was another thing that I was criticized for doing. But I loved dancing. I would hike miles in the snow and cold, during the winters at home, to get to a dance. After

17) my long, heavy skirts were wet and frozen ~~to~~ up to the knees when I got home, from traipsing through the snow. It's a wonder that I didn't die of consumption. Often when I went out I would put on underwear that was almost wet because during the winter it took forever for the clothes to dry when they were washed. My sister and I slept in a small store-~~house~~^{room} across the yard from the house and we would often run back and forth through the snow bare-footed. As I remember there were quite a few cases of T. B. among the young people. I knew of several in the neighborhood of my home who had died of it.

As I was saying, here in Chicago I belonged to the church and I also had a good time. Through the church I met many young people and the at-

118) atmosphere was friendly and happy.
It was here that I met the man
whom I later married. I imagine
there were many "matches" like this
made through the church. My hus-
band was from the southern part
of Sweden and he had only been in
this country two or three years when
I first met him. He came here as a
regular "greenhorn" directly from a
small farm in "Vermland". He was
working as a carpenter at the time that
I met him. He had "picked-up" this
trade since coming to America. So
many of the immigrant men got
into the building trades. My husband
worked hard and he did his work
well but he never got any further
than working for somebody else. He
never became a boss or a contractor
on his own. We had many ^{friends} who were

19) Contractors and bosses on big building jobs and they weren't any "smarter" than my husband.

But we had a nice enough home and enough left over for fairly decent clothes and we had plenty to eat. We managed to build and own a two-flat house in Chicago. We lived in one flat and rented out the other. Both my own and my husband's position here was far better than we ~~had~~ ever had in Sweden. And I am sure that neither one of us could have done as well if we had stayed in the old country. At the time when we came over there seemed to be plenty of room for all and there was work enough for everybody as far as I could tell. My husband was big and very strong. He worked as much as any two ordinary men. He simply couldn't take it easy.

(2/0) on the job and never worked with any degree of moderation. I guess the men working with him didn't like it much. For many of them it was physically impossible to keep up with him. Naturally the boss liked it and my husband had work when others were laid off. But this was during his best years. He couldn't keep this up forever. After a number of years he decided to leave the city and get a farm where he could work for himself. He was now getting older and he knew that he couldn't keep up the terrific pace of working for bosses in the city.

We sold our property in Chicago and bought a small farm in Michigan. We didn't do very well on the farm and there was plenty of hard work there ~~too~~. I don't believe that a

21/ City dweller moving out on a farm
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Both my husband and I were raised
on the farm but that didn't seem to
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been on the farm about four years
when he died. He was then about 50
years old.

Our two daughters were at the
high-school age when we moved
to Michigan. They both graduated
from high-school and the eldest
girl went to normal college as she
wanted to be a school-teacher. About
the time she finished her normal
training she got married. The young

21
22) man she married was our neighbor. He was an American. This son-in-law and my daughter have taken over our farm. The young man has had regular training in farming. There isn't much money to be made on it but it is a home for us. My younger daughter married a young man whose home is here in the west.

I have enjoyed the companionship of my two daughters. My own nature and temperament have been of the kind that keep a youthful outlook longer than others. Although now I am beginning to feel the weight of the years. My experience when I was young should have taught me tolerance if it can be learned. My elder daughter has more of my temperament but she will never have the robustness of personal-

(23) ity or physique that I had as a girl.

My life was different from that which my daughters have experienced. They have always been protected and sheltered. Although I must say that my daughters have developed their mental capacities much more than I ever did. Outside of the meagre training that I recieved in the village school at home, there has been no mental effort on my part towards anything intellectual. I was bright enough but the circumstances around me were never such that those things were considered.

I had left the church some time before we moved to the farm. I became interested in the New Thought teachings and I recieved a great deal of help and inspiration from them. Although at the time that I belonged to church I denounced these same

24) Teachings as being utterly irreligious.

I didn't see my parents again before they died and I know that I shall never see Sweden again. I have a brother and a sister here in America but the rest of the family stayed in the old country.

I was born in Falun, Sweden
nearly six years ago. My father was a
German and my mother a Swede. The
father is now dead and my mother is
still in Sweden. The town that I came
from is a small town in Sweden. We
actually supported ourselves. We raised our own
produce and we made our own clothes even
our shoes in that manner we were self
supporting. I enjoyed my childhood very
much. True we didn't have any shows or
go to see nor any other form of amusement
to pass our time we made our own amusement.
All of us were self entertaining. When
we wanted a good time a song or
would gather in some barn and as
each one us of played some instrument
we had our own dances. I played the
violin. But we played other instruments.
Some of the other young folks in the town.
Although to pass our entertainment
time we had no money and we
paid no money. No doubt we were
to the Swedish people entertained to

and it was very great entertainment and
we all enjoyed it immensely.

The schools in Sweden are very
good and strict. Everyone is compelled
to attend school. Although I had just
a grade school education, I receive
as much as many students
do here in America after attending high
school & college, because everything was
done with a preciseness.

When I come home it is very
cold. Some winters we had big snows
and sometimes our crops were short because
they were frozen out. However we always
overcame and were not in want. I did
not expect great things as I was not
accustomed to them and in my childhood
I was not happy. You see I did not
have as many things as most children in
this country have and I believe I was happier.

I used to get a great deal of enjoyment
out of hunting and fishing which were our
main sports.

When I was twenty I decided to
go to Sweden and come to the U.S.
and live two seasons for my

Leaving. One was that I had an adventurous spirit and that is why I came to the U.S. The other and more important reason is that I did not want to join the army, which is compulsory. In order to escape the army I had to leave the country. Therefore I came to the U.S. My first landing spot was Boston, Mass. I stayed there for about a month and then went to Newport Rhode Island, where I also stayed - just one month. Then I got the gold-rush fever and decided to leave for California.

As I had a brother in Watsonville that was my first landing spot in Cal. I had a little money and as I did not know where to go and I went into partnership and bought an apple orchard. I was stuck with it a few years and finally went home. Being without any money I was forced to take a job. For the next couple of years I had several jobs, and also located in many different towns in Northern Calif. I had never been in South

Calif. I went to London in S.
Francisco. There I met a girl who
I fell in love with and got married.

We got along fairly well, but
after a year or so married life my wife
had to go to the hospital. It so happened
at that time that I was out of work.
I was very desperate, willing to do almost
anything.

Walking down the street one day
in San Francisco I noticed a dry
cleaning place. I went in and asked
for work. At this particular time there
was a big order of clothes which had
come in to be pressed and they needed
a extra man. They asked me if I
could press clothes. I told them I could
at least I had never pressed a suit
in my life. They told me the presser
couldn't do some of the work so these
suits were new ones and only had to be
spotted and then I was certainly
grateful because after the presser had
pressed a couple of the suits I saw
how the work was done and learned
by watching how to manipulate the
press. I then went to work and

My dear friend
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this
letter finds you the same. I have been thinking
much of late about the future of our country and
the state of the world. It seems to me that we are
approaching a great crisis and that the result will
determine whether we are to remain a united people
or whether we are to be divided into warring
sections. I feel that it is our duty to stand
together and to support the Union to the last.
I am sure that you will agree with me in this
view. I am, my friend, very truly,
Your devoted friend,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

insisted the rest of them. Although
I didn't think my work was very
good it passed inspection. Through this
connection I managed to keep working
more or less regularly. I kept at it
a I might
have made a good route man. In fact
they put me on a route at a small
salary and I worked this route
very well and started to earn a very
good living. I stayed with the
route for about five years. Then my
boss thought it would be a good idea
for me to go into business for myself.
So he bought me a truck and I
started my own little shop.

I did a nice business and was
about to make a nice living.
Then price was started in and I began
losing out and had a very difficult
time making both ends meet. I worked
hard every day in the morning until late
at night. You see, I was forced to
as I now had a wife and two children
to support.

Soon, I saw it was no go, so
I sold out to a chain organization

with the understanding that I was to be employed by them, to run the shop.

So now I am an employee in this ~~stone~~ home store that I started in as a owner.

I have been an employee now for five years and I am glad I sold out when I did. Now I know at the end of each week I get my salary and can insure my family a living without any uncertainty. I have no business worries and no investment.

If it wasn't that I am married I couldn't stick here, but thru necessity I must provide for my family and hold my job. If I were single today I would go back to Sweden. This depression has put me in the hole as it has many others. I have turned against capitalism.

I imagine you could class me as a communist. I am looking forward to a radical change in the next few years. Everyone is being oppressed of free speech and what is happening here now reminds me of the suppression which is administered to the lower classes in China. But then I do hope I can stay in on this old age pension which I receive there.

Swedish Immigrant (Man)

Born 1870.

Came to America 1894.

I was one of those who never should have emigrated. I came from from a substantial and fine home in Stockholm. My home was not luxurious but we had everything, at that time, that made for comfortable living. As I look back on my childhood, I know that I enjoyed most of the privileges that should be the birthright of all youngsters.

We lived near the park and during the winter when the lake was frozen over, most of the people in Stockholm were out here skating on the ice. Close by was a long sloping hill where we coasted on our sleds. The young princes from the palace, were often here coasting with the boys. Our summer vacations were spent, with an uncle and aunt, out in the country. We were two boys in the family. I was the youngest. My parents

2) were anxious to give us every advantage in education and in our home life.

I had just returned home from four years study at the university when I decided to go to America. I was then 24 years old. My decision nearly broke my mother's heart and my father told me, never to expect help from him when I got stranded, as he was certain that I would be, in America.

It is about 40 years now since the first time that I left home. I was able to go back and visit my parents before they died. I was ~~then~~ able then to reassure them about America and they forgave me the anxiety that I had caused them when I left home. My brother had studied medicine and had now established himself in Stockholm. My parents never understood why I should have wanted to take such a chance on my whole future and go to America where everything was so uncertain. And no doubt it was a foolish thing to do.

1) At the time that I first left Sweden, a regular stream of young people were leaving the country. Most of them went to America. Many of these emigrants left the country because of economic reasons, but with me it was simply the idea of an adventure. During my studies I had not travelled abroad and it was natural for me to want to see something of the world.

I came to America with very little more, than the poorest immigrant. Most of those who were young had only their physical strength to rely on. I had my educational background but that was of no immediate advantage. As soon as I landed I had to get work of any kind, just to make a living. I went through many hardships but I did not give up and return home. I know that my parents would have been more than glad had I done so. But I gradually worked my way out. I finally got to a point where I could see my way clear. I was able

4) to plan towards a future where I could make use of my education in the type of work that I enjoyed. In this work I made use of all the knowledge that I had and my work added more and more as I went along.

I have raised a family. I have had four boys of my own and have given them a good education according to American standards. But the thing that I find in this country, in contrast to the conditions and the environment in which I was raised, is the fact that the American youngsters have it too easy. There is no discipline; They have no sense of responsibility; And as far as I can see there is no foundation to that which is given them as an education. When I think of how hard we had to work in school, and that we had to study, understand, and actually know something when we were through there is no comparason in what I see today of the young people around me.

5) At the age of 7, I started school. There were at that time excellent primary schools in Stockholm. And we did not go to school just to play games. We started in on real lessons. We learned to read, write, spell, and to count. Along with the regular studies we read the catechism and we were drilled in the ten commandments until even the younger children knew them by heart.

But even in my time the country had changed from the simple living and habits out of which had come the best minds and the best epoch of Swedish history. The educational system that was in force around the 1600- shows the routine under which many of Sweden's great men had developed.

During this time when the children were ready to begin ~~sch.~~ learning, at the age of 7, they were sent away from home to the nearest school. Here they were

b) boarded out during the school term, and taking care of themselves as best they could. The older children helping the younger ones. They had to get up early in the mornings and attended school in a dark and cold school-room. School began at 5 o'clock in the morning. Then they read until 8 A.M. They were then free until 9 A.M. At ten o'clock they went home to eat. Then at 12 o'clock noon they were back in school and read until 5 P.M. There was only one teacher and they all read in the same room. The children were divided into three or four groups, according to the progress that they made. The teacher called on those in the higher divisions to help coach those in the lower. If there were too many children for one teacher, he was permitted to have some one to help him, in hearing the students in their lessons. In the school, the children read the catechism and certain parts of the bible, grammar, Esop's

7) Fables in latin, and ~~changing~~ changing off to the colloquies of Erasmus. In the third and fourth division they read Plautus, Virgil, Cicero, and Terentius and they would compose or write latin script. Each day they memorized some verse in latin. The younger children would also be allowed to learn certain short verses and sentences by heart so that their work would not get tiresome. In the fourth division only latin was spoken. There was also regular song practice for all the children. On Tuesdays and Saturdays there was always a review of everything that had been read during the other days. Once each month there was also a review. They ~~believe~~ believed in repetition. It probably necessitated much repeating and drilling but when these children finished their elementary work they were ready to go on to higher steps in learning.

8) During the later years of Queen Kristina's rule these old customs began to give way. There was a general breaking up of the old established traditions and habits, both of thought and work. In 1662 - the professors in Upsala complained that they were not able to enforce any discipline unless the nobles were ~~made~~^{compelled} to abide by the academic laws the same as the commoners. At celebrations, ceremonies, etc., the young nobles took precedence before even the professors. De la Gardie, who then state and academic chancellor, felt that all students should come under the same discipline. But Queen Kristina had already given the nobility a free rein both at the court and throughout the land.

I went on through the gymnasium or high school. This was a step between the lower and higher learning. Here one was

I prepared, at the age of 20, after an education based on the classical studies to continue on to higher scientific and special university studies, or one could take the practical courses and from here step out into the world of ~~practi~~ practical affairs. I ~~realize that educa-~~

I realize that education has been more and more established along so called practical lines as apposed to the classical and scientific studies. The feeling is, that any knowledge that can not be directly applied to his everyday work is not worth the student's time and effort. I feel that the training one gets in the pure sciences is in itself a development for the mind, whereby the student is better equipped to solve the great variety of problems that arise in ~~later~~^{his} life. In their practical, training courses, the schools can prepare the students to meet the general problems that arise through their

10) everyday work, but this training does not prepare the individual to solve the varied problems which he must face as a human being. Even in the teaching of trades and ~~to~~ subjects that apply to our ordinary work, the school cannot give that which is of the utmost importance to any one trying to learn any kind of work, and that is the actual experience of doing this work on a regular job. Therefore I believe that the students, under this educational system, are poorly prepared to meet the conditions of living. And the more practical their training has been, the more difficult will it be for them to face any real problems.

I am not advocating a deadly, formal education based on the Classics, the dead languages, etc.. They have their significance only so far as we are able to give them a free translation. But I feel that any education must help to

11 develop the full resources of any human being. And to do this takes subjects ~~which~~ that have real meaning and scope. Through my work and experience, the contact with the east and the great oriental literature seems to me would open a deep and rich development us all. In the oriental and eastern culture we find the oldest traditions of humanity. And their literature and ideas may give new life and meaning to our classics and to whatever we have of value in our more recent background.

Swedish Immigrant

(woman)

Born 1898

Came to America 1922.

1895

I remember a particular summer morning when I was about 12 years old. I was sitting in the front garden singing at the top of my voice. The birds were singing all around me but I sang the loudest. My father had built a small latticed garden-house facing the front walk. In the summer my mother served afternoon coffee here and I used it as a playhouse for my dolls and playthings. But most of the time I would just sit there watching the road that went by our house and singing to my hearts content. It came natural for me to sing. The melody surged through me and burst out into song. I was large for my age and very strong and my voice was well developed.

On this particular morning a stranger was passing by. She had heard my singing and now she opened the gate
--- going use a to my new environment

2) and came into the yard. She spoke to me and then asked to see my mother. I called mother and when she came up to us the stranger said. "Do everything possible to give your daughter a musical education. She shows remarkable talent."

My father was only a conductor on a train which made about a day's trip between points from where we lived. His salary was small but we owned our little home. My father was also in line for a pension. He was older than my mother, this being her second ~~mar~~ marriage. Our house consisted of three rooms. At the back there was a small barn and barnyard, where we kept a cow, two or three pigs and a few chickens. We had a vegetable garden almost around the whole house. ~~I~~ ^{at} the front of the house bordering these vegetables we had planted flowers. This gave the yard a very pretty ~~appearance~~ appearance. There were also several fruit trees on the place. The garden was

well taken care ~~of~~ of and our little home looked attractive and inviting. We lived in the central part of Sweden and towards the east. I had been born here and had spent my childhood in the same place. I had a younger sister and an older step-brother. We were all attending school. We lived in one of the larger towns in this part of the country so there was a large school here and I ~~had~~ ^{finished} my secondary education with the beginning of ~~some~~ ^{one or two} foreign languages.

My sister, brother and I had enjoyed a happy and carefree childhood. Then the war broke out. We were out of the actual war zone but ~~there~~ it was not long before there was a blockade of all transports to the scandinavian ~~countries~~ countries. Food became scarce and we were put on rations. Cards were issued to individuals and households for sugar, coffee, etc.. During this time there were trainloads of little German children brought into Sweden. Each household had at least one ~~of~~ of these children. I was getting used to my new environment.

4) To care for. We had a little German boy with us in our home. It was pathetic to see these youngsters, some of them were so thin and frail as if they had not had enough food for a long time.

I was now about 17 years old and very large and developed for my age. I think that I had some glandular disorder. My mother was also overly large. But I was young and at this time my nerves and physical condition seemed perfect. I was very strong and full of vitality. There was almost too much natural force surging through me. I was like a powerful dynamo. I was gifted in many ways, I wrote, painted, and composed. But I felt that my greatest talent was singing. I also had a dramatic feeling and my goal was the opera. I had my career planned. Now I was anxious to go

5) To Stockholm and really begin my studies in music and singing. But I needed more money than my parents could well afford. I thought of a plan whereby I might earn some money on my own. I decided to have a concert tour of possibly twenty different towns. I chose out of the way places and some industrial towns where the people had very little opportunity to hear or see anything of any importance. A girl friend of mine who played the piano went along as my accompanist. We traveled on ~~bicycles~~ bicycles most of the way. When we arrived at a place, we would hire a hall, distribute a few handbills and give our evenings concert. We spent a whole summer touring around the country in this way. I didn't make a great deal of money. There was hardly 100 (kronor) left after all expenses were paid. But that fall, after I came home was getting used to my new environment.

6) from my tour, I decided, with the consent of my parents, to go to Stockholm and begin my musical studies in earnest. My parents were able to send me a certain sum each month. This sum was just enough to pay for my living expenses, singing lessons, and I attended a dramatic school where I also received instruction in languages. Here in Stockholm I found life as I had anticipated it in my dreams but there was also a great deal more than I had ever dreamed of in the quietness and simplicity of my childhood home. I was very busy with my studies and I worked hard. But I still found time to visit the cafes and to have a good time. Sometimes I spent my money in this way when it should have gone to pay my music lessons. Everything was so new and interesting to me and this was the first time that I had ever been entirely on my own.

7) This was the sort of life that I had wanted to live and I was going to enjoy myself to the fullest. After I had been in Stockholm a year I went into the chorus of the opera. The opera here is a national institution, supported by the state. ~~I recie~~ My salary was 100 (kronor) a month and during the summer we had a three months vacation. There were three performances a week and rehearsals. If we stayed on in the company until we were too old to sing and appear on the stage we recieved a pension. The pension was small but it was enough to live on. Many of the singers were able to save a little as they grew older and they would buy a small place or home where they could live when they retired. But it was difficult to persuade them to retire. They hated to give up the life. There were several quite old people
I was getting used to my new environment.

in the chorus while I was there. My ambition was not to sing in the chorus. It seems when a singer gets started there, that there is a tendency to stay on in the chorus and to get no further. I should much rather have gotten all my training ~~at~~ ^{with} ~~and~~ perhaps a year's study abroad and then have been able to appear in a principal role at the very start. But it had taken so much money for my expenses, even during the short time ~~that~~ I had been studying, that my parents could not keep it up. And then I was glad to be able to earn my own money. I felt freer about spending it. And I liked the work~~at~~. There was plenty of excitement, music, and life here to satisfy me, at least for a while.

It was during this time that I met one of the young aristocrats of the city. Class distinctions were rigid here so that I naturally met him in an unconventional way. There were four distinct classes,

9) royalty, the aristocracy, the professional and the larger industrial owners, and the working class. ~~The~~ You never see a man from the working class riding around in a big car nor does he in any other way confuse himself and his class with those higher up in the social scale. And I don't believe that the worker here ever feels that maybe someday he will be as well off as the bank president. The working class here are absolutely class-conscious. But I felt as good as anybody else. My thoughts had naturally been on becoming an artist of the highest rank and I felt equal to any aristocrat even ^{with} the nobility. I fell hard for this young man that I met. In fact I think that he has been the only person I have really loved. I am certain that he also cared for me. We saw each other every day for nearly six months. This was the happiest most perfect time of my life. I had a childhood sweetheart at home but I knew that I could never care for ~~any~~ ^{any} young man as I did my new environment.

10) him after this. After I had known
Erick, this was my friend's ~~for~~ name, about
six months he ~~was~~ ^{wanted} to take me to ~~his~~
~~home~~ visit his home and I was to
meet his mother. I felt nervous but
extremely happy to be taken into his home
and to meet the person who was close-
est to him. I had no doubt in the world
but that everything was alright. It was
an afternoon in late winter when Erick
called for me and we went to his home.
He lived in one of the beautiful old
houses, near the park, in the choicest
part of the city. I had never ~~seen or~~
been in such a beautiful home. His
mother was there waiting for us. He
had not warned me of the situation.
~~but~~ when I saw his mother sitting
there, stiff and grim, with out the least
sign of welcome, there was even hatred
and contempt on her face, then I knew
in what a foolish dream I had been ex-
isting all these months. Before this, there

11) had never been a doubt in my mind but that our love for each other was not a beautiful and natural thing ~~nor~~ or that there was any doubt as to our marriage and happiness. This woman was the first unkindly force that I had met with in my life. I had met everyone in a friendly way and I had found at least no deliberate meanness or unkindness directed towards me. Now I was balked, I doubted myself, our love, everything. And it was not long after this first and last only visit that I was to receive the hardest blow that youth has to meet. Through lies and different means Erick was persuaded not to see me and shortly after I was informed that he had left Sweden and gone to France. He left without seeing me or sending any message. When this happened I felt that I didn't care about anything, my career, everything was forgotten. Physically too I went into a coma, I knew nothing. I never used to my new environment.

12) ^{my} ~~my~~ poor mother had to come and take me ~~back~~ ^{to} home. She nursed me back to health. I was at home nearly two years before I was myself again. When I say, ^{that I was} myself again, it isn't quite true. My strength ~~and vitality~~ came back but my high hopes and soaring wings had been decidedly clipped. I was just an ordinary, very ordinary, mortal.

I didn't feel like going back to Stockholm again. Everyone knew my story and I could not face the back-stage gossip. I decided to go to America as I could not stay on at home indefinitely indefinitely. My mother who had stood by me all this time let me have enough money for my fare across. My school-mates, my brother and sister were at the station to see me off. But it was the face of my mother that I saw before my eyes, long after the familiar landscape had passed from view.

Aeronautics

Norway

2230

Born 1872 in Hammerfest (the most northerly port in the World)

His father owned several Whaling vessels & was one of the most prosperous men of the section.

In 1884 his Mother died & he & his father lived with his aunt. At the age of 16 he went on his first Whaling cruise with his father & worked with him until 1890 when he was made first Mate of his father's best vessel.

On their return from a trip in 1890 they found their home town in ruins from fire which destroyed the entire town.

His Father sold all his vessels except one & in this they set sail for America & landed at St. Louis early in 1891.

They joined the Rod Fishers & were managers for several years.

In 1898 the Father died as a result of a ship wreck in which their vessel was lost & only four out of twelve of the crew were saved.

They owned another vessel & the son took this with a picked crew of six men & sailed for the Oregon & after fishing out several furs on the way, put in at Monterey, Calif.

He sold his vessel & went to San Francisco where a cousin of his was in the Hardware business. He went to work in his store & in 1902 bought a half interest in this business.

In 1904 he married a Native Daughter of Calif. their business was prosperous until 1906 when the Earthquake & fire destroyed their building & stock.

was getting used to my new environment.

2
out of their insurance they started in the
Hardware business in a prominent location
on Market St. + had a good business during
the re-construction of St.
In 1912 the Cousin died + the business was
taken over by Herman.

Two sons + one daughter were born to
Herman + his wife.

The two boys went through High School in
St. + are now in the business with
their Father; ~~it~~ which is still in a
prosperous condition.

Herman now lives in an apartment over
the Hardware store + oversees the business
which is practically in the hands of his
oldest son, Herman Jr.

~~Abt. Smith~~

was getting used to my new environment.

L109

Mr X now living at 2829 Clay Street, San Francisco was born in the seaport city of Bergen, Norway in 1893, one of a family of 4 children. His father earned his living by working as a caulker in a Bergen ship yard.

At the age of 15 Mr X started to earn his living - that is - not to earn any actual money, but to learn a trade and to work for his room and board. He got a job as helper to a ship's carpenter on a large Norwegian freight ship that made Bergen its home port.

The business of learning to be a ship's carpenter was no easy job to the young Mr X, as he worked at, what seemed to him, everything else but carpentry. He did painting, scraping, and sandpapering surfaces that were to be painted. He also did numerous other ~~by~~ ^{menial} jobs that did not require the skill of a carpenter to do them. After a time, however, he worked at repairing and rough carpenter work, and in this manner, Mr X slowly but thoroughly learned the carpenter and cabinet making trade.

Mr X stayed with the trade of ship's carpenter, and he traveled to almost every well-known port in the world. In these travels, he ~~man~~ made several trips to America. Upon seeing the opportunity for success that one has who lives in America, he decided that some day he would like to make this country his home.

... upon plains and while I was getting used to my new environment.

~~So~~ In 1915, the opportunity to come to this country presented itself, and Mr. X came ~~to this country~~.

Shortly after his arrival to this country, he obtained a job with a building contractor, and he worked at his trade as a carpenter. He made his ^{living} so successfully, and he was so pleased with the conditions in his newly adopted country, that he made application for citizenship.

Mr. X. worked as a carpenter in the building trade until the outbreak of the world war, then ~~he~~ he went to work in the Union Iron works and shortly afterwards he was made foreman carpenter and cabinet maker ~~due~~ the tremendous demand for men of his trade could scarcely be met ~~with~~ at that time. Mr. X worked at the Union Iron works until shortly after the World War ended ~~and~~ ^{when} the demand for ^{him} ~~himself~~ ^{ceased} ~~ceased~~.

Having saved considerable money ^{while} ~~on~~ his working for the Union Iron Works and in the ~~Building~~ ^{Building} trade, ~~he~~ ^{Mr. X} dabbled in real estate, buying old houses, fixing them, painting them, and in general, making them more worthy to sell. This is ~~his~~ ^{his} occupation at the present time. ~~However~~, ~~there is~~ ^{there is} no unusually large sums of money to be made in this business ^{present}, but he makes about the same wages as if he were working for a building contractor. Mr. X is very pleased in this type of work because he is his own boss,

...my wife and I could make definite plans and while I was getting used to my new environment.

~~and~~ he arranges his hours of labor to suit himself, and in this way ~~he~~ lives very comfortably.

When asked if he had any remark to make about ~~things that he noticed or~~ of anything that might be interesting he replied that the American nautical information is supplanting that of the British Admiralty, who were at one time ^{are} considered the authority in matters of nautical information, that is maps, charts, instruments, and information in regards to navigation and the study of navigation. But, on the other hand, the Americans are somewhat behind the other leading shipping nations of the world in regards to the building of large fast liners that are to be used to compete with other nations for the shipping business. This fact is especially true on the west coast, where, with the exception of a comparatively few fast modern liners, ~~the~~ majority of the boats are very old, slow, and expensive to run. This can be noticed very easily on the Australian and South Seas run and also the Orient run. These old boats were built years ago under the supervision of the Merchant Marine Board and they are now entirely obsolete.

... was to stay with her until I could make definite plans and while I was getting used to my new environment.

1873
My trip to America was without incident, at least none of any importance. It was hard to leave home and especially my mother. My thoughts on leaving Sweden naturally went back to my experience in Stockholm. But when I thought of this, a feeling of such utter desolation surged through me that it was like a physical pain and torture. I tried deliberately to ~~put~~ drive these thoughts away from my mind. ~~With~~ The new and interesting scenes that I encountered on the trip made it easier to keep my attention on what was going on at the moment. I had a happy and carefree ~~in~~ nature and with the least encouragement it was easy for me to laugh.

My destination was a small town in Nebraska. An aunt, my mother's sister, lived here. I was to stay with her until I could make definite plans and while I was getting used to my new environment.

2) I knew that my mother was worried and anxious about me. But she ~~fe~~ was satisfied in knowing that I was to go directly to my aunt and that I would be taken care of.

I hated to leave New York. I wanted to stay there and try my luck at the Metropolitan. I knew that I needed a great deal of practise and new training to stand any chance of getting a hearing. I had also thought of applying to Julia Clausen, a Swedish singer whom I had heard in Stockholm, who was now in New York. But during my two years at home I had not kept up with my practise. Now, I did not have the confidence that I had before I began studying. Then, I would have sung anywhere and for any one without the slightest hesitancy.

My ticket was bought straight through to the place where my aunt lived. I reached my destination, a small prairie town, late in the afternoon. It was during the late part of the summer. I had

3) been riding across the prairies almost the whole day and everything seemed flat and uninteresting to me. My aunt was at the station to meet me. I had never seen her before. She was a few years older than my mother and she and her husband had left Sweden about 30 years ago, when they were first married. It was only a few minutes walk from the station to my aunt's home. This was a two-story frame building with a large veranda across the front of the house. There were vines climbing all over this front porch and a big front lawn with flower-beds along the walks. It was an attractive and comfortable home. The houses along the street all looked about the same.

My uncle owned a store here. He sold everything from a spool of thread to farm machinery. My aunt and uncle had raised a family of five. The two youngest, a girl of 18 and a boy of 20,

4) were still at home. The daughter did typing and office work for my uncle and the boy was helping him in the store. This left my aunt and I together at home and I was supposed to help her with the housework. There was a great deal of work to be done. My uncle, ~~unc~~ and my cousins came home for their lunch, which was more like a dinner, in the middle of the day. Then there was a big breakfast and the evening meal to prepare, and the washing, ironing and all the rest of the housework to do. My aunt had a piano but I had very little time to practise. There was always something to do. In this way, I worked for my room and board. They were kind to me, in their way, but they did not understand me and they had no interest in music or art. They had lived in this same place all their lives, or since they left Sweden. Every Sunday they went to church. My aunt had her ^{interest in the} "ladies aid" and the neighbors, who were all of the same type. They were good, substantial people but ~~very~~ dull and uninspiring. I knew that it

5) would be impossible to stay here year after year. I would rather have died and this seemed almost the only way of escape that I had. I would never be able to get enough money together to get out. At last my opportunity came. I married a widower, a man much older than I, who was going to California. I didn't know very much about California but I figured that any place would be better than where I was. My aunt felt somewhat responsible for me but she had ~~so~~ known this man a number of years and it seemed that I would be in safe hands. Although I had been quite a help to my aunt I don't believe that she was sorry to see me go. There would always have been a home here for me. I couldn't help but feel that I was different from them and that we could never quite understand each other. I had written home to my mother about my marriage. Knowing the anxiety that I had caused her, she would probably feel that

So if I got married there would always be some one to take care of me. I knew that I did not love this man and that I never ~~would~~ ^{could}. But I felt that anything was better than a slow stagnation in this town. I was naturally fearless and at times I have acted foolhardy but that was my nature.

I was married and left my aunt's home. It was two or three months before my husband could get his affairs settled to go west. He was a "real-estate" man and was very well thought of among the people here. I gained a little prestige through my marriage. That did not bother me much. I was anxious to get away from it all. I felt stifled. I had been here over a year and all I wanted was to get away. I did not try to look too far into the future. I felt as if I were on a stage playing a part. It was not a very heroic part but it was the best that I could do. Selfishness

7) and self-preservation were my dominating characteristics. This man that I had married seemed to care a great deal for me. I always acted like a spoiled child towards him. I don't believe that he knew much about love anyway. Although I was younger ~~than~~ I knew a great deal more about life than he did. He was not the type that ever could understand me.

After much fuss, and saying goodbye to relatives and friends we finally made our departure. We were now on our way to the west and our destination was one of the towns in southern California. Here my husband was going into business with a friend, selling real-estate. My husband was a good business man and he and his partner did very well. After we had been here a ~~bit~~ about 2 years my husband and I were divorced. By this time he realized ~~what a~~ that our marriage was a mistake. I know

(8) that I was glad to be free and I am sure that he was glad to get ridd of me. There were no children and I did not want any alimony. He gave me a small sum when I left him and with this I came to San Francisco. I had to get work to support myself and now I tried singing again. I was able to take lessons ~~from~~^{of} a teacher who ~~tried~~ helped me all she could and she tried in every way to get singing engagements for me. In this way I ~~was able to~~^{got to} sing for a few club gatherings, etc.. I was anxious to get something that would be more permanent. I wanted to sing over the radio. It was difficult to get a hearing. I sang only classical music and I had a foreign accent. At last an opportunity came, through a friend, and I was to get a chance to try out before the microphone. After waiting and waiting I was finally called down to the studio. When I got there nothing was said about my singing.

1) They wanted me to take the part of a Swedish house-maid who had just come over. I had my natural Swedish accent but it was not what they expected a Swede to sound like. The experiment was a complete flop. I simply couldn't do it. They had to have something that would make the people laugh. I wanted to sing ^{and} not to act like a clown. I was so disappointed that I nearly cried.

Finally I had to get other work. With this work I was at least able to make a living for myself. Through the kindness of my teacher, who still had faith in me, I was able to continue with my singing lessons.

It was during this time that I met a young man that I liked very much. He was the first person that I had felt any real feeling for, since I came to America. He was different from most of the men that I had met here. He was Spanish and very dark complexioned.

My I was Swedish and very blond but I was the one who had the temperament. Although as I remember later he had temperament and was fiery too. Now, as I think of it, with his temperament and mine, I am surprised that nothing terrible happened to either one of us during the many serious, almost tragic, times that we had together. But he was naturally quiet and very considerate. He was not a man who would ever make any money. He took life very easy and it was always *mañana* with him. We were married just a short time after we met and I know that we had a real love for each other. We did not have any money. He was working on a small salary in a warehouse and I kept my job.

When we were first married we had a ^{tiny} home far out on the outskirts of the city. We bought the lot and the real-estate company put up the little house. The house and lot cost us about \$3000.

11) The house was so tiny and I was so big that it was just like a doll's house. We bought furniture for over \$500, on the installment plan. I bought a piano and paid \$10 a month for ~~that~~^{it}. We were as happy as children with our new toys.

Although I worked from 8 o'clock until 5 o'clock every day and had a three-quarter hour's ride on the ~~street~~ crowded street-cars morning and night, this was for me a very happy time. With my husband's and my earnings we were able to pay the \$50 a month, which included the interest and the payment ~~princi~~ of the principle, on our home. Each month we also had the payments on our furniture and piano. With the taxes and all, my husband could not have managed on his own salary. Our home was cute and cozy. We had a garden ~~at~~ⁱⁿ the front and every chance I had, I would be out there working and fixing. ~~My husband~~

12) ~~My husband~~ seemed to enjoy having a home. He almost enjoyed it too much. He was satisfied to stay home night after night. I was still young and I wanted to go out and enjoy myself once in a while. He never offered to take me anywhere. I wanted to do something besides work and sleep all my life. He considered me foolish and of course we didn't have much money to spend. I started going out, once in a while, with a girl who was working with me. She would introduce me to her boy friends and they always had something to drink. I was good company as long as I staid sober. There was always plenty to drink and I never ~~so~~ knew when to stop. And when I got drunk, I was absolutely unmanageable and strong as an ox. Somehow I always got home after these parties but my poor husband was distracted. Now the few times that he went out with me I acted so terrible that he gave up. He had no control over me either and I

13) had none over myself. I felt awful each time that I went out and got drunk and I promised him never to do it again. But as soon as anyone offered me a drink I forgot all my good intentions. At last he warned me that it could not go on like this. Finally, through my conduct, his love and affection for me died. I loved him then and I still love him but I couldn't help myself. He divorced me. I didn't have anything to say for myself. He took over the house as I wouldn't be able to keep up the payments on it.

Shortly after the divorce I lost my job. Now I was alone and without work. I saw my ex-husband once in a while and during this time he helped me with enough money to keep me off the streets. I got another job. I had been working here about six months and I had already had two warnings from my boss. He said that if he found me drunk on

14) the job a third time that I would have to go. Well the third time came and this was worse than ever. I was locked up for three weeks. It was only through the kindness of friends that I was released. This time it was serious. I felt fallen and low. At this time I happened upon a verse from Shakespeare. This verse said, that it wasn't the fact, of how low one had fallen that mattered, it was the spirit, that made one want to arise from the depths, that counted. For some reason these words gave me the courage to try again. A friend of mine, who was a Christian scientist, now took me in hand. I had often thought, before this, of attending the Christian science church. I had no particular religion but I have always believed in God. My friend also sent me to a practitioner. I believe that it ~~did~~ helped me. I regained confidence in myself. During this time I did not take a drink. But now I had no work and no money. I managed to eke out barely enough to pay \$10 a month.

15) for a room in a cheap hotel. Whatever food I ate, I got through the kindness of friends or when I happened to have the money for a meal. I kept on going to the practitioner and I went to church more or less regularly. I had lost my job in the early spring. It was now October. I had \$15 coming to me. When I lost my job, this and the little that I had been able to make off and on was all that I had for months. I was getting desperate for work. Finally in November I got a very good job. It was the same ~~time~~ kind of work that I had been doing before. I was overjoyed. I can hardly believe that I was to have work and be able to earn some real money again. It seemed too good to be true.

I had been working in my new job about five months. Things were going along fine for me. I was getting a very good salary and I had been able to pay off on some of my debts. I owed the practitioner quite a sum. I went out with

14. some new acquaintances one evening. The
next morning I was ^{still} drunk but I went to
work. That finished me there. I was let
out that day. I believe that they locked
me up for a time then, too. I don't re-
member. I have been able to get some work
I was working for a woman but I guess
got too sassy so she had to let me go.
I may go home to my mother.

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My trip to America was without incident, at least none of any importance. It was hard to leave home and especially my mother. My thoughts on leaving Sweden naturally went back to my experience in Stockholm. But when I thought of this, a feeling of such utter desolation surged through me that it was like a physical pain and torture. I tried deliberately to drive these thoughts away from my mind. The new and interesting scenes that I encountered on the trip made it easier to keep my attention on what was going on at the moment. I had a happy and carefree nature and with the least encouragement it was easy for me to ~~xx~~ laugh.

My destination was a small town in Nebraska. An aunt, my mother's sister, lived here. I was to stay with her until I could make definite plans and while I was getting used to my new environment. I knew that my mother was worried and anxious about me. But she was satisfied in knowing that I was to go directly to my aunt and that I would be taken care of.

I hated to leave New York. I wanted to stay there and try my luck at the Metropolitan. I knew that I needed a great deal of practice and new training to stand any chance of getting a hearing. I had also thought of applying to Julia Claussen, a Swedish singer whom I had heard in Stockholm, who was now in New York. But during my two years at home I had not kept up with my practice. Now, I did not have

the confidence that I had before I began studying. Then, I would have sung anywhere and for anyone without the slightest hesitancy.

My ticket was bought straight through to the place where my aunt lived. I reached my destination, a small prairie town, late in the afternoon. It was during the late part of summer. I had been riding across the prairies almost the whole day and everything seemed flat and uninteresting to me. My aunt was at the station to meet me. I had never seen her before. She was a few years older than my mother and she and her husband had left Sweden about thirty years ago, when they were first married. It was only a few minutes' walk from the station to my aunt's home. This was a two-story frame building with a large veranda across the front of the house. There were vines climbing all over this front porch and a big front lawn with flower-beds along the walks. It was an attractive and comfortable home. The houses along the street all looked about the same.

My uncle owned a store here. He sold everything from a spool of thread to farm machinery. My aunt and uncle had raised a family of five. The two youngest, a girl of eighteen and a boy of twenty, were still at home. The daughter did typing and office work for my uncle and the boy was helping him in the store. This left my aunt and me together at home and I was supposed to help her with the housework. There was a great deal of work to be done. My uncle, and my cousins, came home for their lunch, which was more like a dinner, in the middle of the day. Then there was a big breakfast and

the evening meal to prepare, and the washing, ironing and all the rest of the housework to do. My aunt had a piano but I had very little time to practice. There was always something to do. In this way, I worked for my room and board. They were kind to me, in their way, but they did not understand me and they had no interest in music or art. They had lived in this same place all their lives, or since they left Sweden. Every Sunday they went to church. My aunt had her interest in the "ladies' aid" and the neighbors, who were all of the same type. They were good, substantial people but very dull and uninspiring. I knew that it would be impossible to stay here year after year. I would rather have died and this seemed almost the only way of escape that I had. I would never be able to get enough money together to get out. At last my opportunity came. I married a widower, a man much older than I, who was going to California. I didn't know very much about California but I figured that any place would be better than where I was. My aunt felt somewhat responsible for me but she had known this man a number of years and it seemed that I would be in safe hands. Although I had been quite a help to my aunt I don't believe that she was sorry to see me go. There would always have been a home here for me. I couldn't help feeling that I was different from them and that we could never quite understand each other. I had written home to my mother about my marriage. Knowing the anxiety that I had caused her, I felt that she

would probably believe that if I got married there would always be someone to take care of me. I knew that I did not love this man and that I never could. But I felt that anything was better than a slow stagnation in this town. I was naturally fearless and at times I have acted foolhardy but that was my nature.

I was married and left my aunt's home. It was two or three months before my husband could get his affairs settled to go west. ~~He~~ ^{He} was a real-estate man and was very well thought of among the people here. I gained a little prestige through my marriage. That did not bother me much. I was anxious to get away from it all. I felt stifled. I had been here over a year and all I wanted was to get away. I did not try to look too far into the future. I felt as if I were on a stage playing a part; it was not a very heroic part but it was the best that I could do. Selfishness and self-preservation were my dominating characteristics. This man that I had married seemed to care a great deal for me. I always acted like a spoiled child towards him. I don't believe that he knew much about love anyway. Although I was younger, I knew a great deal more about life than he did. He was not the type that ever could understand me.

After much fuss, and saying goodbye to relatives and friends we finally made our departure. We were now on our way to the west and our destination was one of the towns in Southern California. Here my husband was going into business with a friend, selling real estate. My husband was a very good

business man and he and his partner did very well. After we had been here about two years my husband and I were divorced. By this time he realized that our marriage was a mistake. I know that I was glad to be free and I am sure that he was glad to get rid of me. There were no children and I did not want any alimony. He gave me a small sum when I left him and with this I came to San Francisco. I had to get work to support myself and now I tried singing again. I was able to take singing lessons from a teacher who helped me all she could and she tried in every way to get singing engagements for me. In this way I got to sing for a few club gatherings, etc. I was anxious to get something that would be more permanent. I wanted to sing over the radio. It was difficult to get a hearing. I sang only classical music and I had a foreign accent. At last an opportunity came, through a friend, and I was to get a chance to try out before the microphone. After waiting and waiting I was finally called down to the studio. When I got there nothing was said about my singing. They wanted me to take the part of a Swedish house-maid who had just come over. I had my natural Swedish accent but it was not what they expected a Swede to sound like. The experiment was a complete flop. I simply couldn't do it. They had to have something that would make the people laugh. I wanted to sing and not to act like a clown. I was so disappointed that I nearly cried.

Finally I had to get other work. With this work I was at least able to make a living for myself. Through the kindness of my teacher, who still had faith in me, I was able

to continue with my singing lessons.

It was during this time that I met a young man that I liked very much. He was the first person that I had felt any real feeling for, since I came to America. He was different from most of the men that I had met here. He was Spanish and very dark complexioned. I was Swedish and very blond but I was the one who had the temperament. Although as I remember later he had temperament and was fiery too. Now, as I think of it, with his temperament and mine, I am surprised that nothing terrible happened to either one of us during the many serious, almost tragic, times that we had together. But he was naturally quiet and very considerate. He was not a man who would ever make any money. He took life very easy and it was always manana with him. We were married just a short time after we met and I know that we had a real love for each other. We did not have any money. He was working on a small salary in a warehouse and I kept my job.

When we were first married we had a tiny home far out on the outskirts of the city. We bought the lot and the real estate company put up the little house. The house and lot cost us about \$3000. The house was so tiny and I was so big that it was just like a doll's house. We bought furniture for over \$500, on the installment plan. I bought a piano and paid \$10 a month for it. We were as happy as children with our new toys.

Although I worked from eight o'clock until five o'clock every day and had a three-quarter hour's ride on the crowded

street-cars morning and night, this was for me a very happy time. With my husband's and my earnings we were able to pay the \$50 a month, which included the interest and the payment of the principal, on our home. Each month we also had the payments on our furniture and piano. With the taxes and all, my husband could not have managed on his own salary. Our home was cute and cosy. We had a garden in the front and every chance I had, I would be out there working and fixing. My husband seemed to enjoy having a home. He almost enjoyed it too much. He was satisfied to stay home night after night.

I was still young and I wanted to go out and enjoy myself once in a while. He never offered to take me anywhere. I wanted to do something besides work and sleep all my life. He considered me foolish and of course we didn't have much money to spend. I started going out, once in a while, with a girl who was working with me. She would introduce me to her boy friends and they always had something to drink. I was good company as long as I stayed sober. There was always plenty to drink and I never knew when to stop. And when I got drunk, I was absolutely unmanageable and strong as an ox. Somehow I always got home after these parties but my poor husband was distracted. Now the few times that he went out with me I acted so terrible that he gave up. He had no control over me either and I had none over myself. I felt awful each time that I went out and got drunk and I promised him never to do it again. But as soon as anyone offered me a drink I forgot all my good intentions.

At last he warned me that it could not go on like this. Finally, through my conduct, his love and affection for me died. I loved him then and I still love him but I couldn't help myself. He took over the house as I wouldn't be able to keep up the payments on it.

Shortly after the divorce I lost my job. Now I was alone and without work. I saw my ex-husband once in a while and during this time he helped me with enough money to keep me off the streets. I got another job. I had been working here about six months and I had already had two warnings from my boss. He said that if he found me drunk on the job a third time that I would have to go. Well the third time came and this was worse than ever. I was locked up for three weeks. It was only through the kindness of friends that I was released. This time it was serious. I felt fallen and low. At this time I happened upon a verse from Shakespeare. This verse said, that it wasn't the fact of how low one had fallen that mattered, it was the spirit that made one want to arise from the depths that counted. For some reason these words ~~gave me~~ gave me courage to try again. A friend of mine, who was a Christian scientist, now took me in hand. I had often thought, before this, of attending the Christian Science church. I had no particular religion but I have always believed in God. My friend also sent me to a practitioner. I believe that it helped me. I regained confidence in myself. During this time I did not take a drink. But now I had no work and no money.

I managed to eke out barely enough to pay \$10 a month for a room in a cheap hotel. Whatever food I ate I got through the kindness of friends or when I happened to have the money for a meal. I kept on going to the practitioner and I went to church more or less regularly. I had lost my job in the early spring. It was now October. I had \$15 coming to me when I lost my job, this and the little that I had been able to make off and on was all that I had for months. I was getting desperate for work. Finally in November I got a very good job. It was the same kind of work that I had been doing before. I was overjoyed. I could hardly believe that I was to have some work and be able to earn some real money again. It seemed too good to be true.

I had been working in my new job about five months. Things were going along fine for me. I was getting a very good salary and I had been able to pay off on some of my debts. I owed the practitioner quite a sum. I went out with some new acquaintances one evening. The next morning I was still drunk but I went to work. That finished me there. I was let out that day. I believe that they locked me up for a time then, too. I don't remember. I have been able to get some work. I was working for a woman but I guess I got too lazy so she had to let me go. I may go home to my mother.

Swedish + American (woman)

Born 1870 - Värmland, Sweden.

Came to America 1895.

I was born in a village in Värmland, a southern province of Sweden. Throughout the countryside were the small farms where each family got their living from the soil. On the place where I was born we were able to keep two or three cows, a few pigs, and some chickens. The vegetables that we used we raised in the garden. Enough wheat and rye for our own bread and grain for the animals. Everything that we ate came from our own farm and was prepared by us at home. Only the small kegs of salt herring, which is so much a part of the Scandinavian diet, was shipped to us from a nearby city.

With our clothing and household linens it was the same way. They were all made at home. We would spin and weave through the long winter evenings. The knitting of stockings and mittens for the household would also keep mother and the older girls busy. Then in the summertime the women would be out in the fields working along with the men.

The house in which we lived had only two rooms and a kitchen, but this kitchen was the main ~~part~~ ^{part}.

2) It was ~~a~~ very large and most of our activities were centered there. One of the other smaller rooms was kept in order for receiving more or less formal guests and the other was a bedroom. There were also two built-in beds in the kitchen which were used to sleep in.

The barn was a very important building on any farm. The animals were as well cared for as the family. During the long winters the cattle had to be protected from the cold. A cow getting sick or dying would be a tragedy.

There were seven in our family, five children, my mother and father. The children walked three miles to school. During the winter we trudged through the snow, the younger children along with the older ones. In this way we got whatever education that was thought necessary. We were taught reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, some geography and history and last but not least our religious training taught from the bible and the catechism. Our religious training was also in the hands of the minister, whom through church, Sunday-school and then through on to the confirmation classes kept our minds directed on the spiritual.

Christmas and Mid-Summer were the big events of our lives. The Christmas and New Year celebration lasted along into the new year.

2) In every home, be it large or small, there was much cooking and baking and brewing. The Christmas tree had to be cut and dragged home from the woods. Copper kettles, floors, everything was scrubbed until it shone. When Christmas eve came all was in order and neat as a pin. The whole house was decorated with evergreens, on ceiling and doors and around windows. Then with ^{the} candles ~~burning~~ lighted, the family and friends would sit down to a feast that the women had been preparing for days in advance. The Christmas fairy had left presents underneath the tree and there was always something for each of the children. Then to bed, for on Christmas morning we were all up and ready for church at 4 a.m.. And that meant everyone, those who rode and those on foot, ~~came~~ came through the darkness of the early morning to the little church ~~that~~ with its flickering lights of candles ~~set among the~~ at the windows and on the altar. Everywhere were branches of evergreen ^{and with the notes of the organ filling the space with their sacred music..}. It was all simple and impressive. The youngsters would sit there in awe and wonderment until at last sleep would overtake them. Many of the older ones had ~~it just~~ ^a hard ^{time} to keep ^{ing} awake especially through the long sermon. But asleep or awake there was a spirit over them that was different from the dull, tedious every day life that most of them knew.

4) Mid-summer day in contrast with Christmas was a truly pagan holiday. There was dancing and the raising of a may-pole in celebration of the returning sun after the long, dark winter.

Although material things were not plentiful ~~at~~ ^{our} home, and though we were soon taught to make ourselves useful, there was something about the natural and healthy life in which we lived that made us happy and contented. And of course we were young. So it was with a sad heart when I was 16 years old that plans had to ^{be} made for my leaving. For younger ones were growing up, there was less room and it took more to feed us all. I could at least earn my own food and lodging by hiring out to some larger farmhouse or go to one of the nearby towns. My older brother had left home some time before this. With luck he would now be well on his way to America. He had left Sweden because of the compulsory military training that all men ^{military} ~~military~~ of age were forced to take.

A morning in early spring, the air so fresh and clear that it almost made one light-headed with the scent of hundreds of wild flowers along the way and here and there the lilac bushes nodding their fragrance over the fence ~~post~~ pickets as we went by. It was a morning like this ~~that~~ ^{when I left home} ^{driving} with a neighbor

5) to one of the nearby towns ^{where} I was to work as a maid in one of the better homes. At first I earned only my food and lodging. For some time to come I would still be wearing my homespun clothes. I was untrained as far as any routine work was concerned but I stayed on until I became a little more proficient. I then received a salary of two crowns per month. On the occasional visits I made home I could now bring them a few trinkets from the city. It was the only happiness that I could give them.

The future was not any too bright ^{for me there} ~~so~~ at the age of ~~twenty-two~~. when my older brother, who was then in America offered to help me with a ticket to Chicago, where he was then living, I ~~was~~ accepted gladly. ~~Again~~ I was then twenty-two.

Again there was the sad parting from home, this time I was going so much further away that to ^{all of us} ~~us all~~ that it ~~must be~~ ^{it seemed} ~~a~~ ^{the} farewell ^{would be} forever. But I finally started away in high hopes that America was the most wonderful place in the world and that if I could only get there everything would be perfect. It might even be that my brother and I could bring the rest of the family over in a few years.

I came to Chicago without knowing anything of the language. My brother, who was then married, was the only person whom I knew. But through friends of theirs I was soon employed as maid in a large family. I received two dollars and

6) fifty cents a week. The work was hard but I was strong and healthy. I was meeting new acquaintances, making new friends, and learning a new language. ~~The~~ And so the first years flew by. I felt happy and at home in this new country. My friends were mostly Swedish. These I met through the church of which I had been a member since I first came to America.

I met and married a Swede who had already been in this country ~~years~~ ~~before~~ several years before I met him.

~~Here I met and married the man with whom I spent the almost the rest of my life. He was also Swedish. ^{and} but had been in this country for ^{but} ~~some~~ ~~time~~ ~~life~~. Never getting anywhere in the city. At the time he was ^{there} working as a day laborer but he did not care much for city life and we wanted a place of our own some day. So we decided to stake a homestead in ~~the~~ ^{northern} Minnesota. We finally got our homestead. My husband and I worked from early morning until night. I was lucky for me that I had been used to hard work ever since my childhood and that I was satisfied with very little. Our home was a cabin in the wilderness. The first years of our life here I don't believe that any one could work any longer or harder than my husband and I. We cleared ground and built what shelter we had. But at last it was ~~to~~ had a place we could call home.~~

Swedish - American

(woman)

Born 1870 - Värmland, Sweden.

Came to America in 1895

51

Throughout the countryside where I was born were small farms where each family got their living from tilling the land. ~~that~~ ^{this land} was either rented or owned. It was a hard and bare living, although the province of Värmland has fertile and rich land, it has been under cultivation for so long that its yield is not so plentiful as it might be.

On our small place we were able to keep two or three cows, a few pigs, and some chickens. The vegetables that we used we raised in the garden. We raised enough wheat and rye for our own bread and grain for the animals. Everything that we ate came from our own farm and was prepared by us at home. Only the small kegs of salt herring, which ~~is so much a part~~ ^{is used a great deal} of the Scandinavian diet, was shipped to us from a nearby city.

All our clothing and household linen were also made at home. Through the long winter evenings we would spin and weave and knit the stockings and mittens for the whole household. In the summertime the women would be out in the fields working along with the men. In this case the old saying about a woman's work never done, was literally true. Our home was very small, two rooms and a

6) fifty cents a week. The work was hard but I was strong and healthy. I was meeting new acquaintances, making new friends, and learning a new language. ~~The~~ And so the first years flew by. I felt happy and at home in this new country. My friends were mostly Swedish. These I met through the church of which I had been a member since I first came to America.

I met and married a Swede who had already been in this country ~~years~~ ^{before} several years before I met him.

~~Here I met and married the man with whom I spent the almost the rest of my life. He was also Swedish. ^{and} had been in this country for a long time. Never getting any where in the city. At the time he was there he was working as a day laborer but he did not care much for city life and we wanted a place of our own some day. So we decided to stake a homestead in Minnesota. We finally got our homestead. My husband and I worked from early morning until night. I was lucky for me that I had been used to hard work ever since my childhood and that I was satisfied with very little. Our home was a cabin in the wilderness. The first years of our life here I don't believe that any one could work any longer or harder than my husband and I. We cleared around and built what shelter we had. But at last it was a place we could call home.~~

Swedish - American

(woman) 97
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Born 1870 - Värmland, Sweden.

Came to America in 1895

Throughout the countryside where I was born were small farms where each family got their living from tilling the land. ^{This land} ~~that~~ was either rented or owned. It was a hard and bare living, although the province of Värmland has fertile and rich land, it has been under cultivation for so long that its yield is not so plentiful as it might be.

On our small place we were able to keep two or three cows, a few pigs, and some chickens. The vegetables that were used we raised in the garden. We raised enough wheat and rye for our own bread and grain for the animals. Everything that we ate came from our own farm and was prepared by us at home. Only the small kegs of salt herring, which ^{is used a great deal} ~~is so much a part~~ of the Scandinavian diet, was shipped to us from a nearby city.

All our clothing and household linens were also made at home. Through the long winter evenings we would spin and weave and knit the stockings and mittens for the whole household. In the summertime the women would be out in the fields working along with the men. So in this case the old saying about a woman's work is never done, was literally true.

Our home was very small, two rooms and

6
a kitchen. This kitchen was the main room of the house, it was very large and most of our activities were centered there. One of the other smaller rooms was kept in order for receiving guests and the other was a bedroom. There were also two built-in beds in the kitchen which were used. The barn was a very important building on any farm. The animals were as well cared for as the family. During the long winters the cattle had to be protected from the cold. A cow getting sick or dying would be a tragedy.

There were seven in our family, five children, ~~and~~ my mother and father. We ~~child~~ youngsters walked three miles to the ~~same~~ little country schoolhouse. During the winter we trudged through the snow, the younger children along with the older ones. In this way we got whatever education that was thought necessary. We were taught to read, write, and spell, arithmetic, some geography and history, last but not least our religious training which was taught to us from the bible daily. Our religious training was also in the hands of the minister, ~~it was~~ through sunday-school, church and on to the confirmation classes kept our minds directed on the spiritual life.

Christmas and mid-summer were the big events of our lives. The Christmas and New

3) Celebration lasted along into the new year.

Then in every home, be it large or small, there was much cooking and baking and brewing.

The Christmas tree had to be cut and dragged home from the woods. Copper kettles, floors, everything was scrubbed until it shone. So when Christmas eve came all was in order and neat as a pin. The house was decorated with ~~evergreen~~ branches of evergreen, over the doors and around the windows. The candles were lighted, and the family and friends would sit down to a feast that the women had been preparing for days in advance. ~~After the eating the children would run to the~~

The Christmas fairy would leave presents underneath the tree and there was always something for each of the children. Then to bed, for on Christmas morning we were all up and ready for church at 4. a. m. And that meant everyone, those who rode and those on foot came through the darkness of the early morning to the little church with ~~its~~^{the} flickering lights of candles at the windows and on the altar. Everywhere were branches of evergreen and as the notes of the organ filled the ~~sp~~ church each one felt the impressiveness of the occasion. The youngsters sitting there in awe and wonderment until at last they fell asleep. Many of the older ones had a difficult time keeping awake during the long sermon.

4) But asleep or awake there was a spirit over them that was different from the toilsome, everyday life ~~during the rest of the year~~. that all of them knew.

Mid-summer day in contrast with Christmas was a truly pagan holiday. There was dancing and the raising of a may-pole in celebration of the returning sun after the long, dark winter.

Although material things were not plentiful in our home, and we were soon taught to make ourselves useful, there was a naturalness and wholesomeness in our lives that made us contented and happy. And of course we were young.

So at the age of 16, when arrangements had to be made for my leaving home, it was with a sad ~~and~~ ~~heavy~~ heart that I thought of the future.

The younger ones were growing up, there was less room and it took more to feed us all. I could at least earn my own food and lodging by hiring out to some larger farmhouse or go to one of the nearby towns. My older brother had left home some time before. With luck he would now be well on his way to America. He had left Sweden because of the military ~~training~~ training that was compulsory for all men who came of age.

It was a morning in early spring when I left my home. ~~One of the neighbors~~ As we drove
evening or night

along in the fresh, clear morning air the scent of hundreds of wild flowers growing along the way and here and there the white lilacs nodding their fragrance over the fence pickets as we went by. I was on my way to one of the nearby towns where I was to work as maid in one of the better homes. At first I earned only my food and lodging. For some time to come I would still be wearing my homespun clothes. I was untrained as far as any routine work was concerned but I stayed on until I became a little more proficient. At last ~~I received a salary~~ my wages were two crowns per month. On the occasional visits that I made to my home I could now bring them a few trinkets from the city. It was the only happiness I could give them.

The future looked more to promising and I often thought of my brother far away in the land of plenty. I heard from him every so often, he was then living in Chicago. One day a letter came from him, he offered to help me ~~so that~~ with a ticket to America. I accepted the offer gladly. #

Again there was the sad parting from home. It seemed now, that I was going so far away, that the parting might be forever. But I finally

6) started away, my doubts vanished, my hopes were soaring. America was the most wonderful place in the world and now that I was going there everything would be perfect. It might be that my brother and I would be able to bring the rest of the family over in a ~~short~~ few years.

I was twenty-two years old when I came to Chicago. ~~The only~~ The language, ~~of course~~, was entirely new to me. My brother, who was then married, was the only person I knew and could speak to. But through friends of theirs I was soon employed as maid in a large family. My wages were two dollars and fifty cents per week. The work was hard but I was strong and healthy. The first years flew by. I was meeting new acquaintances, making new friends, and learning a new language. I felt happy and at home in this new country. My friends were mostly all my own countrymen. These I met through the church of which I had been a member since I first came to America.

Here I met and married the man with whom I almost spent the rest of my life. He was also Swedish and had been in this country over a period of years. Working as a day laborer and not caring for city life or prospects for a home of our own were rather slim. So we decided to leave Chicago and take up

Swedish--American
 Born 1870--Varmland, Sweden.
 Came to America 1895--Woman

I was born in a village in Varmland, a southern province of Sweden. Throughout the countryside were the small farms where each family got ^{its} ~~their~~ living from the soil. On the place where I was born we were able to keep two or three cows, a few pigs, and some chickens. The vegetables that we used were raised in the garden. Enough wheat and rye for our own bread and grain for the animals we also raised. Everything that we ate came from our own farm and was prepared by us at home. Only the small kegs of salt herring, which is so much a part of the Scandinavian diet, was shipped to us from a nearby city.

It was the same way with our clothing and household linens. They were all made at home. We would spin and weave through the long winter evenings. The knitting of stockings and mittens for the household would also keep mother and the older girls busy. Then in the summertime, the women would be out in the fields working along with the men.

The house in which we lived had only two rooms and a kitchen, but this kitchen was the main room. It was very large, and most of our activities were centered there. One of the other smaller rooms was kept in order for receiving more or less formal guests, and the other was a bedroom. There were also two built-in beds in the kitchen which were used to sleep in.

The barn was a very important building on any farm. The animals were as well cared for as the family. During the long winters, the cattle had to be protected from the cold. A cow getting sick or ~~d~~ying would be a tragedy.

There were seven in our family, five children, my mother and my father. We children walked three miles to school. During the winter we trudged through the snow, the younger children along with the older ones. In this way we got whatever education that was thought necessary. We were taught reading, writing, spelling, and

arithmetic, some geography and history, and last but not least, our religious training taught from the bible and the catechism. Our religious training was also in the hands of the minister, who, through church, sunday school, and confirmation classes, kept our minds directed on the spiritual *being*.

Christmas and mid-summer were the big events of our lives. The Christmas and New Year celebrations lasted along into the new year. In every home, be it large or small, there was much cooking and ~~cooking~~ baking and brewing. The Christmas ~~tree~~ tree had to be cut and dragged home from the woods. Copper kettles, floors, everything was scrubbed until it shone. When Christmas Eve came, all was in order and neat as a pin. The whole house was decorated with evergreens. Then, with the candles lighted, the family and friends would sit down to a feast that the women had been preparing for days in advance. The Christmas fairy had left presents underneath the tree, and there was always something for each of the children. Then to bed, for on Christmas morning we were all up and ready for church at four a.m. And that meant everyone, those who rode and those on foot, came through the darkness of the early morning to the little church with its flickering lights of candles at the windows and on the altar. Everywhere were branches of evergreen. It was all simple and impressive. The youngsters would sit there in awe and wonderment until sleep would overtake them at last. Many of the older ones had a hard time keeping awake, especially through the long sermon. But asleep or awake, there was a spirit over them that was different from the everyday life that most of them knew.

Mid-summer day in contrast with Christmas was a truly pagan holiday. There was dancing and the raising of a ~~may~~ may-pole in celebration of the returning sun after the long dark winter.

Although material things were not plentiful at home, and though we were soon taught to make ourselves useful, there was something about the natural and healthy life in which we lived that made us happy and contented. And, of course, we were young. So it was with a sad heart when I was sixteen years old that plans had to

be made for my leaving. The younger ones were growing up; there was less room, and it took more to feed us all. I could at least earn my own food and lodging by hiring out to some larger farm-house, or go to one of the nearby towns. My older brother had left home some time before this. With luck he would now be well on his way to America. He had left Sweden because of the compulsory military training that all men of age were forced to take.

The morning I was to leave the air was so fresh and clear that it almost made one light headed. One could smell the hundreds of wild flowers along the way and here and there the lilac bushes nodding their fragrance over the fence pickets as we went by. It was a morning like that, and I was driving with a neighbor to one of the nearby towns where I was to work as a maid in one of the better homes. At first I earned only my food and lodging. For some time to come I would still be wearing my home spun clothes. I was untrained as far as any routine work was concerned, but I stayed on until I became a little more proficient. I then received a salary of two crowns per month. On the occasional visits I made home I could now bring them a few trinkets from the city. It was the only happiness that I could give them.

The future was not any too bright for me there. So when my older brother, who was then in America, offered to help me with a ticket to Chicago where he was then living, I accepted gladly. I was then twenty-two.

Again there was the sad parting from home, but this time I was going so much farther away that to all of us it seemed the farewell forever. But I finally started away in high hopes that America was the most wonderful place in the world and that if I could only get there everything would be perfect. I might even be that my brother and I could only-get-there bring the rest of the family over in a few years.

I came to Chicago without knowing anything of the language. My brother, who was then married, was the only person whom I knew. But through friends of theirs I was soon employed as maid in a large family. I received two dollars and fifty

cents a week. The work was hard, but I was strong and healthy. I was meeting new acquaintances, making new friends, and learning a new language. So the first years flew by. I felt happy and at home in this new country. My friends were mostly Swedish. These I met through the church of which I had been a member since I first came to America.

I met and married a Swede who had already been in this country several years before I met him. He was then working as a day laborer, but he did not care much for city life, and we wanted a place of our own some day. So we decided to stake a homestead in northern Minnesota. We finally got our homestead. My husband and I worked from early morning until night. It was lucky for me that I had been used to hard work ever since my childhood and that I was satisfied with very little. Our home was a cabin in the wilderness. The first years of our life here I don't believe any one could have worked any longer or harder than my husband and I. We cleared the ground and built what shelter we had. But at last it was ours. We had a place we could call home.

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Swedish--American
Born 1870--Varmland, Sweden.
Came to America 1895--Woman

I was born in a village in Varmland, a southern province of Sweden. Throughout the countryside were the small farms where each family got their living from the soil. On the place where I was born we were able to keep two or three cows, a few pigs, and some chickens. The vegetables that we used were raised in the garden. Enough wheat and rye for our own bread and grain for the animals we also raised. Everything that we ate came from our own farm and was prepared by us at home. Only the small kegs of salt herring, which is so much a part of the Scandinavian diet, was shipped to us from a nearby city.

It was the same way with our clothing and household linens. They were all made at home. We would spin and weave through the long winter evenings. The knitting of stockings and mittens for the household would also keep mother and the older girls busy. Then in the summertime, the women would be out in the fields working along with the men.

The house in which we lived had only two rooms and a kitchen, but this kitchen was the main room. It was very large, and most of our activities were centered there. One of the other smaller rooms was kept in order for receiving more or less formal guests, and the other was a bedroom. There were also two built-in beds in the kitchen which were used to sleep in.

The barn was a very important building on any farm. The animals were as well cared for as the family. During the long winters, the cattle had to be protected from the cold. A cow getting sick or dying would be a tragedy.

There were seven in our family, five children, my mother and my father. We children walked three miles to school. During the winter we trudged through the snow, the younger children along with the older ones. In this way we got whatever education that was thought necessary. We were taught reading, writing, spelling, and

25 155.

arithmetic, some geography and history, and last but not least our religious training taught from the bible and the catechism. Our religious training was also in the hands of the minister, who, through church, Sunday school, and confirmation classes, kept our minds directed on the spiritual.

Christmas and Mid-summer were the big events of our lives. The Christmas and New Year celebrations lasted along into the new year. In every home, be it large or small, there was much cooking and ~~baking-a~~ baking and brewing. The Christmas ~~Eve-e~~ tree had to be cut and dragged home from the woods. Copper kettles, floors, everything was scrubbed until it shone. When Christmas Eve came, all was in order and neat as a pin. The whole house was decorated with evergreens. Then, with the candles lighted, the family and friends would sit down to a feast that the women had been preparing for days in advance. The Christmas fairy had left presents underneath the tree, and there was always something for each of the children. Then to bed, for on Christmas morning we were all up and ready for church at four a.m. And that meant everyone, those who rode and those on foot, came through the darkness of the early morning to the little church with its flickering lights of candles at the windows and on the altar. Everywhere were branches of evergreen. It was all simple and impressive. The youngsters would sit there in awe and wonderment until sleep would overtake them at last. Many of the older ones had a hard time keeping awake, especially through the long sermon. But asleep or awake, there was a spirit over them that was different from the everyday life that most of them knew.

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Swedish Emigrant

(man)

Born - 1864

Came to America in 1888

The place where I was born was only a few miles from the border line between Sweden and Finland. It was a clearing in one of the dense forests that cover this part of the country. My grandfather had settled here before my father was born. At the time that I was born there were probably a dozen houses scattered around. We had to go nearly 8 Swedish miles to get to the church and a school. But we had several natural advantages that favored the growth of a community here. There was a large lake close by where the people could get plenty fish. The woods supplied all building material for the homes and farm buildings and also the fuel that was used. And in these same forests it was possible to obtain wild game. There was also a good supply of ~~wild~~ grass for the cattle. This was cut and put through a drying process for the winter months when the cattle could not get out to graze. ~~My~~

2) My father owned a large tract of forest land but it was of no value to him except in cutting the trees for timber and fuel ~~for his~~ to supply his own personal use. My father and my grandfather, before him, had bit by bit cleared and cultivated the land on which we now lived. There was now enough land under cultivation that at least during the good years my father was able to harvest enough grain for both ~~the~~ bread and the porridge which was ~~such~~ a big part of our daily diet. The farmers here, now led a peaceful existence although his life was filled with hard work.

But my father would tell of the famine years that had visited them so often. During these years the people had to mix the bark off the trees with the grain. Out of this they baked their bread. At times when their need had been desperate they had only the bark to use for bread. The poor cattle had to eat pine needles and old rotten straw. These bad years were hard on both people and cattle. Sometimes the

3) people traveled 30 or 40 swedish miles to get a bushel of oats or barley. There were no railroads here in the northern part of Sweden at that time.

Sweden has had many bad years. But the worst blight years were between the years of 1690-1700. During these years, the seasons seemed to be disturbed from their natural order. At times the leaves were sprouting in February and the migratory birds would arrive. The people would begin their spring sowing. But in May they were riding around in sleds. At times, in August the ears of grain hung in icicles in the fields but in September one could pick wild raspberries. Sometimes the winters were so severe and long that the wolves ^{through hunger} were driven to attack the people in their homes. The spring sowing could not begin until mid-summer. Only here and there a few green blades would come up in the fields, otherwise, there was only the black dirt. The king (Karl XI) bought up grain to divide among the people.

4) But the misery was on such a large scale that more than 100,000 people starved to death. Whole villages died out, and in these places the church doors were locked and the keys sent to the king. My father often told of the bitter hardships the peasants have had to face.

Then I heard my father tell of the time when two finely dressed gentlemen stopped at our home and talked to my father about his forest land. They offered him 1000 (Kroner) to buy the rights to cut down the trees that were grown to a certain size. This proposition was for a period of 50 years. My father would have the right to cut whatever timber he needed for his own personal use. This transaction seemed too good to be true. To get 1000 (Kroner), merely for the ~~right~~ privilege of cutting down trees. To my father this was a great opportunity. These great forests, up until this time, had stood dense and forbidding and had been of no particular use to the farmers. My

5) father thought that he would be very dumb to say no to this offer. He signed the contract and both parties were greatly pleased. The two fine gentlemen left with the signed contract, ~~in~~ their pocket and my father sat there with the largest pack of bills that he had ever owned or even seen ~~before~~ before. He was now the envy of all his neighbors. The news of the transaction spread quickly. But soon everyone who owned any forest lands had the opportunity to sell outright or the rights to cut down trees. The big wood-manufacturing companies and the saw-mills were beginning to buy up the forests throughout the country. Often these companies paid only a few hundred dollars for the clearing rights or the ownership of forests whose value would soon run up into the hundreds of thousands. But to the poor farmer, who could hardly raise enough to even feed his own family, these transactions seemed like a gift direct from heaven. The farmers now began to feel prosperous and

6) comfortable through this business of selling, cutting and hauling timber for the large mills and manufacturing companies. The saw-mills that had been run by water power were now replaced by steam saws. Industry was on a larger scale ^{now} than it had ^{ever} been before.

My father was caught in the midst of these changing conditions. and He like thousands of other small peasant farmers sold their forests and lands and in this way they came under the direct employ of these large lumber companies. My father ^{now} rented a piece of land, large enough for a small home for his family. We did not give up farming entirely. Our place was just large enough to raise a few necessities for the family and to keep a few animals. We kept a cow, chickens, pigs and my father had to have a team of horses to use for the hauling of logs during the winter.

My father was thrifty and level-headed. But in many cases the income from these transactions would go so quickly

as it had come. These peasants, who had at one time been small but independent landowners, now, had nothing of their own and were dependent on these large companies for their support. They now, in many cases, rented their lands from the companies and they did not feel like making the improvements or keeping up this rented property, as when it was their own. The forests were kept in better shape by the companies but the farm lands deteriorated.

I grew up under these conditions. I was not raised as a farmer. As soon as I was old enough I worked in the forests and in the saw-mills. During the time that I grew up and when I was ready to go to work conditions had changed radically.

The old apprenticeship system had now become extinct. In Sweden the guilds and having to serve as apprentices under a master, had been in force up until 1846. And ~~up~~ until the year 1864 an apprentice had to prove himself capable to be a master in whatever trade that

* he had chosen before he could practise this trade. But with, and after the year 1864, there was a complete freedom for each man and woman, who had come of age, to pursue their own means of livelihood. They could now support themselves through any kind of work or trade that they could find to do. There had also been restrictions between the city and the country. All buying and selling had to be done inside the city. All workshops had been forced to move to the city. And if anything was to be sold it had to be taken inside the city gates.

But all this got to be a thing of the past when the factories, mills, and industry in general got under way. There was now a big step forward in all industrial development throughout the country. Every one now felt that the time was ripe for taking away all restrictions to trade. And now began the time of free competition. These events developed later in Sweden than in other cont. countries. The same movement had already spread

1) into the large industrial centres of Europe. Most people now had the idea that through free competition each individual could really exert their energy to the utmost. And sell their wares as cheaply as possible. There were no standards for the articles ~~so~~ that were made. The public had to be on their own ~~own~~ guard, to see that they did not buy inferior goods. In Sweden the prices went up but the quality of the products ~~was~~ ^{was} poor. Things were made under a trial and error process. Consequently there was a great deal of poorish leather on the market. When the English country, this was done in order to help the Swedish tanneries, the people here could not get good leather at any price. In some parts that had to go unexported for lack of shoe leather.

The government did everything possible to help industry in getting a start. The state gave loans to every one wishing to start a factory. The factories got free

10) land to build on and free materials to build with. Everything was done to further the industrial development of the country. It was even decided to only wear clothes that were made in Sweden. "Swedish suits for Swedish men", was the slogan, amid cheers and much handclapping. The law makers now had long ^{debates} ~~discussions~~ on how these suits should ~~ap~~ look. The mobility were also for this movement and everywhere were lengthy, serious discussions on whether the coat was to have a collar or not and if the revers were to be large or small and if there should be one or two rows of buttons on the coat. All of these problems were given the most serious consideration.

But all this generosity to in helping industry did not work out so well. It was only by these artificial means that many of the factories & could keep going. When the state finally could not support them any longer many of them went under. But the sounder industries managed to bridge over these difficult times and have kept on developing.

11) When I was 24 years old I left Sweden.
At the time I was working in one of the
big saw-mills. This was in 1888 and at
that time ~~little~~^{nothing} had been done towards
the betterment of the workers condition. We
were utterly at the mercy of the employer.
We worked as many hours as he saw fit,
and at whatever salary the employer
felt that he could afford to pay. There
were probably employers who might want
to pay their workers more but if they did,
they would be unable to sell their wares
~~at~~ as cheaply as their competitor. It was
a hopeless condition for the worker.

Many of my young friends had left the
Country and most of them had gone to
America. I had received letters from them
and they all described America in glow-
ing terms. I was young and free. I had
not married. I now began thinking serious-
ly ~~about~~ of emigrating. At least I wanted to
get out of Sweden. I was not quite decided
on where I wanted to go. I had enough money
to get to America and this seemed to be the

12) biggest adventure. I went directly to Chicago and here I came in contact with several fellows that I had know in Sweden. I got into the building trade in Chicago and worked my way from being a carpenter's helper until I was an independent contractor. During this time there was a regular building boom on. Everywhere new buildings, stores, homes, etc. were ~~going~~ being built. I kept mostly to the building of family flats. These were either two or four flat buildings, each flat consisted of 4-5-6 rooms. They were ordinary working-men's homes. But I was able to make ~~very~~ good money in the contracting business. I had now married and I had a very nice home. I married a Swedish girl who had only been here a short time. I was able to give my five children a far better education and start in life than I ~~ever~~ had. America to me ~~had~~ as has always ~~seemed~~ been the land of opportunity. My experience here during the years of my active life was favorable. I came

13) Here with nothing, I had no one to help me, I did not know the language, I had no education to speak of. In fact I have known men who came over from the old country and they could hardly write their own names and yet they were able to become financially ~~at least~~ successful. These same men made good "bosses" and were able to get others to work for their benefit and many ^{of them} were able to accumulate small fortunes.

I have never ~~gone~~ been back to Sweden not even for a visit. When I was younger I was always too busy and now I am too old. But I would be interested in seeing the old country now, ~~and~~ remembering what it was nearly a half century ago.

Swedish- American Immigrant.

Born 1884.

Came to America in 1922.

(Man)

I was the eldest in a family of fifteen children. I have been on my since I was fourteen years old. I was born in Göteborg on the western coast of Sweden. Göteborg is the second largest city in Sweden and is connected with Stockholm on the eastern coast by the "Göta Canal." Göteborg is an industrial town as well as the main port seaport of Sweden.

~~I was born o~~

The home where I was born was on the outskirts of the town. My father had a small government position as an inspector on the docks. We lived comfortably enough as I remember but my fathers salary didn't reach so far with a family like ours. Our home was ~~plac~~ a plain two-story wooden building with quite a large plot of ground around it. At the back of the house we had a large vegetable garden and fruit trees. We kept our own cow and a horse. Our place wasn't kept up especially well with all the children climbing all-over. We were all of us at about the age when we couldn't do much more than tear things to pieces. There were nine boys and six girls in our family. My brother and I were the two eldest. I had left home before the two youngest were born but even so it was more like a boarding-house than a home especially at meal-times. Believe me it took some cooking, work, and a goodly supply of food to satisfy us. Parents who raise a family like this deserve a medal or something. I can't say that I have many distinct recollections of my childhood days. It seemed that I had hardly become conscious of myself and my home before I was out in the world. The fact of my leaving home didn't have any the immediate effect of widening my sphere any. It was almost the other way around. I had been used to so many people around me ever since I could remember that when I got away from home I was somewhat isolated. My first job was as an apprentice to a printer. Here I worked just for my keep. This place was a little distance from my home but the man was a friend of my fathers so my parents knew that I would have good treatment. Which I had. I learned pretty fast and I was quick in my work. My boss liked me and I stayed here until I was sixteen years old. Then I had a chance to get into a machine shop. I liked mechanical work and I didn't care to be a printer all my life. I have stuck to the machine trade ever since and up until the last past few years I have always had a good job at it. I worked in my home town Göteborg during the last ten years that I was in Sweden. This town besides being an industrial the principal western port is also quite an industrial city. I would probably have been better off had I stayed in Sweden. But I am not sorry to have seen as much of the world as I have in the past few years. When I left Sweden it was during the worst period of unemployment that the country had ever known. But Sweden having had a great deal of experience in state or government intervention and control during the war had been able to meet and to a considerable extent handle the crisis.

The first unemployment relief commission had been formed during the first few months of the world war. At this time it looked as though certain industries would have to shut down for lack of materials due to the difficulty of import. because of the war. This first crisis did not materialize and the commission could have been dropped the . It was only kept up because of a number of stone workers, about 14,000, whose stone industry on the stony cliff coast off Halland, and Bohuslän had become completely paralyzed, as it depended on the export of paving stone to Germany, Russia, Poland, and etc.. During the first year of the war the owners of the industry tried to keep the workers together and helped them as best they could, thinking that the war would soon be over. But finally the Government had to step in and take control of the situation. It was decided by the turned over to the Unemployment Relief Commission. The Commission decided that the majority of these stone workers would be able to find other employment

1. The first part of the report
deals with the general situation
of the country and the
state of the economy.

2. The second part of the report
deals with the results of the
survey.

3. The third part of the report
deals with the conclusions
drawn from the survey.

4. The fourth part of the report
deals with the recommendations
made by the committee.

5. The fifth part of the report
deals with the summary of the
findings of the survey.

6. The sixth part of the report
deals with the conclusions
drawn from the survey.

7. The seventh part of the report
deals with the recommendations
made by the committee.

8. The eighth part of the report
deals with the summary of the
findings of the survey.

throughout the country and they were also used to the sea and fishing. A great many of these men found work in agriculture, as there was a scarcity of farm workers in the country due to the flocking of workers into the city and into industry. Because of war conditions industry was now booming. The ~~stone workers~~ unemployed stone-workers had for the most part found these alternate jobs by themselves. The Work-Relief Commission did not step in until there ~~was~~ was only about one-quarter of the stone workers that had not been able to find any other work. Some of the older workers and those with large families, etc., were left in their former trade and environment. These men who were left were given back their ~~actual~~ regular stone work as the Government had the different cities put through their orders for paving-stones to supply their needs for years ahead. Other work had also to be found for these workers so as to give them enough employment to live. The forest society "skogs sällskapet" of Göteborg, a group of people who were interested in and who worked to interest communities, etc., in the preservation and replanting of old and neglected forest land. The stone workers were taken up into this work throughout the country. This was during 1916-1917. At the turn of the year of 1917 the blockade and the U-boat warfare became more acute. Especially was this felt in the import and export of food foodstuffs and the necessities of life. In the iron and steel works everything was booming. Even before the beginning of the war about 60% of this output went into preparations for war.(Armaments).

But at this time there was a decided pressure beginning to be felt throughout industry as the supply of raw materials were diminishing. The bread-rationing made less work for the bakers. The regular summer season for out-door painting had to be left out because of the lack of linseed oil. The cotton and wool supply began to give out for the textile industry.. There seemed now to be another stage of the crisis at hand. The Work Relief Commission foresaw an extensive dropping off in employment from industry now facing the country. But the conditions facing them were not so much of actual unemployment as it was of a shifting in the type and place of peoples work. There was a scarcity of workers on the farms as so many had rushed into the cities and factories when industry had taken such an upturn during the first year or two of the war. Now the problem was to get mobility and to shift the workers around both in the location and type of their work. As a great deal of the work in Sweden is done by workers who shift their type of work during the seasons and also from place to place there was already a flexibility established. The aim was now to relay the industrial workers, as the different industries had to close down for lack of raw materials, into the agricultural and forest work. A systematic plan to do this was formed in the spring of 1917. That the plan was successful was shown through the fact, that although more and more workers were let out from industry there was no marked rise of unemployment. During 1917 there was very little direct relief paid out and this was mostly to bakers and painters.. Not even the unions who had unemployment reserve funds for their members felt any considerable pressure on their funds at this time.

Sweden at this time did have to think seriously of intensive work on the farms because the country was facing a decided shortage of food and grain. The country has never been selfsustaining as far as its grain crops. Sweden is also dependent on the import of coal. There is very little coal in the country. With the stoppage of imports the nation was now faced with the shortage of fuel. The government now started its fuel Commission. By approximating first the country's need in the way of fuel supply started mobilizing all efforts towards securing the necessary supply for industry for the railroads and for the people. They then rented or bought the privileges of cutting wood in the forests. Especially in the dense forests of "Norrländ, in the northern part of Sweden. Men from all over the country were put to work on the project of cutting the wood supply for the nation. The Government's calculations on the fuel need was somewhat overestimated as some of the factories, etc, cut their own wood and bought their own forest lands.

So in this case the Government was left holding the sack, with a big supply

April 1900
The B. & O. R.R.
Washington, D.C.

3 of cut wood on hand. The people that were put on these projects were all suitable to the work and were taken from the ranks of those who had most recently gone into industry, and those who had no trades. In this way the work was handled without too much loss in time and effort.

It was during the summer of 1917, that Sweden's comparatively large textile industry began to feel the effects of the blockade. At the time there were about 35,000 workers in this trade. Of these there were about 22,000 women and 7,000 minors. Goteborg was one of the centers for this industry. The factories had plenty of orders on hand and the prices were up, so that there were big profits made. But they had to wait month after month until some kind of commercial agreement with the entente could be made so that the necessary raw materials could be shipped into the country. During this uncertain time it was to the best interests of the employers to keep the workers together and with the high profits that had been made in the preceding months they were able to pay out a certain amount themselves to the unemployed, expecting at any moment to receive their cargos and the work then could go on in full force. But the time went on until Christmas 1917 and nothing had been done to lift the embargo. So now the workers had to apply directly to the state for help. On the new years of 1918 a state direct relief fund was put in operation in every commune throughout the country where there were unemployed textile workers. The relief was not extended to any other trade except the textile trade. Because of the many women and children employed in the textile works special attention had to be given them. They couldn't be sent out helter skelter through the country. And now the commission planned for some kind of work that would give them something to do during the long, dark winter months. Especially was this planned for the younger element of these workers. These young workers, for the most part, had had to leave school and home early in their careers and their knowledge and education was neglected. They were now given a twelve to fifteen weeks course in different subjects to keep them occupied during the winter. The state paid for teachers, school-rooms, heat and light, and materials. As they were able to the different communes helped to defray these expenses. The students received 35 hours of teaching per week. These hours were divided into five or six days. The subjects taught were cooking, sewing, washing and household care, shoe-making, wood-crafts, citizenship, trades laws, reading, writing, bookkeeping, gymnastics, and singing. There were about 2,000 students in all. The workers came for the most part without compulsion. And the government hoped in this way to make the time a little less monotonous for the unemployed. And everybody hoped that by spring of 1918 the war would be over or else the needed imports would enable the industry to get back to work.

But in the spring the war continued fiercer than ever. No agreement with the entente had materialized. During the spring and summer there was no chance of the textile industry starting up. And now the government was confronted with the problem of what to do with these unemployed young workers during the summer months. The commission did not want to overdo the education class work in so far that the students would tire of them and there was a possibility that the classes would have to be taken up again in the fall. By April a plan had been completed whereby the textile workers would be cared for during the summer months. Work was arranged out in the country for those who could leave their homes. If for any good reason they could not leave their homes work was organized so that they could work nearby. Colonies were set up throughout certain parts of the country where the factory workers were sent out in groups picking berries, and light tilling and grubbing in the soil. Because so many synthetic articles had to be used in manufacturing and for many different uses these young women in overalls working in the fields were called "surrogatpojker" or synthetic boys.

(Intensive work on the farm lands to bring a maximum amount of yield was fostered in every way by the government. The country because of the blockade was now beginning to face a decided shortage in foodstuffs and grains. Sweden has never been self-sustaining. At this time the crops had been very poor for the preceding two years. So a great part of the slack workers were taken up from the cities and industry in agriculture).

Swedish-American Immigrant
Born 1884. ~~Good~~ (Mjah)
Came to America 1922.

I was the eldest in a family of fifteen children and I have been on my own since I was fourteen years old. I was born in Göteborg on the western coast of Sweden. Göteborg is connected with Stockholm on the eastern coast by the "Göta-kanal" and is the second largest city in Sweden. It's a big industrial town as well as being the main sea-port of Sweden. My father had a small government position as an inspector on the docks. Our home was a plain two-story wooden ^{house} ~~building~~ with quite a large plot of ground around it. At the back of the house ^{which} was a large vegetable garden and fruit trees. We kept our own cow and a horse. Our place was on the outskirts of the town. It wasn't kept up especially well what with the children climbing all over. We couldn't any of us do much more than tear things to pieces. There were nine boys and six

2) girls in our family. My brother and I were the two eldest. I had already left home before the two youngest were born. but even so it was more like a boarding house than a home especially at meal-time. Believe me it took some cooking, work, and a goodly supply of food to satisfy us. We lived comfortably enough as I remember but my father's salary didn't reach so far with a family as large as ours. Parents who raise a family like this deserve a medal or something. I can't say that I have many distinct recollections of my childhood days. I had hardly become conscious of myself and my home before I was out in the world. The fact of my leaving home didn't have the immediate effect of widening my sphere any. It was almost the other way around. I had been used to so many people around me ever since I could ~~remember~~ remember that when I got away from home I was somewhat isolated. My first job was as an apprentice in a printing shop. Here I worked just for my keep. This

3) place was a little distance from my home but the owner was a friend of my father so my parents knew that I would have good treatment. Which I did. I did many chores around the shop, ran errands, stacked papers, cleaned and swept. It was a perfect job for a kid of fourteen. I learned things pretty fast and I was quick in my work. My boss liked me and I stayed here until I was sixteen years old. Then I had a chance to get into a machine shop. I liked mechanical work and machinery and I didn't think I'd care to be a printer all my life. I have stuck to the machinist trade ever since and up until the last few years I have always had a good job at it. I worked in my home town of "Staborg" during the last ten years that I was in Sweden. I would probably have been better off had I stayed in Sweden. But I am not sorry to have seen so much of the world as I have in the last few years. When I left Sweden it was during the worst period of unemployment that this country had ever known. But

Sweden having had considerable ex-
perience in state or government inter-
vention and control during the war
had been able to meet the crisis some-
what prepared. The first unemployment
relief commission had been formed dur-
ing the first few months of the world
war when it looked as if certain industries
would have to shut down for lack of
materials to work with. This first
crisis did not materialize, and the re-
lief commission could have been dropped
then. It was only kept up because of a
number of stone workers, about 14,000
in all, whose work on the rocky cliffs
west of Stockholm, and Dubusline had
become completely paralyzed by the war
as it depended on the export of paving-
stones to Germany, Russia, Holland, etc..
During the first year the owners of the in-
dustry tried to keep these stone workers to-
gether and helped them as best they could
thinking that the war would soon be over
and conditions would soon be normal. But
finally the government had to step in and

5) take control of the situation. It was
decided by the state relief commission
that the integrity of these stone-workers
would be able to find other employment
throughout the country. These men were
also used to the sea and fishing. There
was also a scarcity of agricultural work-
ers in the country due to the flocking of
workers into the industries which were
now going in full blast. So a great many
of these unemployed stone-workers found
work on farms. The state relief com-
mission did not stop in counting the number
only about one quarter of the stone-work-
ers that had not been able to find any
other work. Some of the older workers
left in their former trade, but many
these men who were left were put back
to work on orders from different cities
throughout the country, for paving stones
to supply their needs for years to come. Other
work that was ~~supplied~~ found for these un-
employed was forestation work. "Skogs-
sällskapet" of Göteborg and other societies who

b) were interested and who worked to interest communities, etc. in the preservation and replanting of old and neglected forest land, were able to put many of these unemployed to work. This was during 1916 ~~and~~ 1917. In 1917 the blockade and the U-boat warfare became more acute. It became more difficult to import and export food-stuffs and the necessities of life. In the iron and steel works everything was booming. Even before the beginning of the war about 60% of this output went into armaments. The Swedish steel and iron are of a particularly high quality. But the supply of raw materials for other industries was fast diminishing and the pressure was beginning to be felt. The bread-rationing made less work for the bakers. There was no painting done during the regular summer season, for this type of work, because of the lack of linseed oil. The cotton and ~~wool~~ wool supply began to give out for the textile industry. Another stage of the crisis had now been reached. The work-relief com-

1) mission now facing an extension in employment from industry facing the country. But the conditions, at the time, were not so much of actual unemployment as they were of a shifting in the type and place of people's work. There was a scarcity of workers on the farms as so many had rushed into the cities and factories when industry had taken such an upturn during the first year or so of the war. Now the problem was to get a mobility and flexibility into the shifting of the workers in both the location and type of their work. A great deal of the work is now done by workers who shift the type of work during the seasons and from place to place. The aim was to retain the industrial workers, as the different industries had to close down through lack of materials, into the agricultural and forest work. A systematic plan to do this was formed in the spring of 1917. The plan was successful as was shown through the facts that there were used more workers were

8) let out from industry there was no ~~and~~
marked rise of unemployment. During
1917 there was very little direct relief paid
out and this was mostly to bakers and
painters. Not even the ^{trades} unions who had un-
employment funds for their members felt
any considerable pressure on their reserve
funds at this time. Intensive work on the
farm lands to bring a maximum amount
of yield was fostered in every way by the
government. The country, because of the
blockade was now beginning to face a de-
cided shortage in foodstuffs and grain.
Sweden has never been self-sustaining in
grains, etc. and during this time the crops
had been very poor for the two preceding
years. So a big part of the stock of
work in ^{the} cities and industry was taken up
by agriculture. Sweden is also very de-
pendent on her import of coal as there is
very little coal in the country. Now she
was also faced with the shortage of fuel.
The government started its fuel commission
and first by approximating the country's
need in the way of fuel started mobilizing

9) all efforts towards securing the necessary supply for industry, for railroads, and for the people. They then rented or bought the privilege of cutting wood in the forests. Especially in the dense forests of "Norland" in northern Sweden. ^(thousands of) Men from all over the country were put to work on the project of cutting the wood supply for the nation. The government calculations on the fuel need was somewhat over estimated as some of the factories cut their own wood and bought their own forest land. So in this case the government was left holding the sack with a big supply of cut wood on hand. The men who were put on these projects were sent to the work and were taken from the ranks who had mostly gone into industry and those who had no trades. In this way the work was done with out too much loss in time and effort.

It was during the summer of 1917, that Sweden's co-operating large textile industry began to feel the effects of the blockade. At that time there were about 35,000 workers in this trade.

10) Of these there were about 22,000 women and 7,000 minors. Göteborg was one of the centers for this industry. These factories had plenty of orders on hand the prices were up so that big profits were made. Now they had to wait month after a month until some sort of commercial agreement with the entente ~~could be~~ ^{was} made so that the necessary raw materials could be shipped into the country. During this uncertain time it was to the best interests of the employers to keep the workers together. With the high profits that had been made in the preceding months they were able to pay out a certain amount themselves to their ~~as~~ unemployed as they were expecting at any moment to receive their cargoes shipment and the work then would go on in full force. But the time ~~was~~ went on until Christmas 1917 and nothing had been done to lift the embargo. So now the ^{textile} workers had to apply directly to the state for help. On new years of 1918 a state direct relief fund was put in operation in every commune through

1) out the country where there were unem-
ployed textile workers. The ^{direct} relief, at this time,
was not extended to any other trade except
the textile trade. Because of the many ^{younger} women
and children employed in the factories
special attention was given them. They
couldn't be sent out all over the country. And
now during the long dark winter months
without anything to do the relief commission
planned for a schedule of classes for them.
Something that would occupy their minds.
Most of these workers had to leave school
and start working when they were very young.
Their knowledge and education had been
neglected. A twelve to fifteen weeks course
in different subjects were given ^{during} throughout
the winter. The state paying for teachers,
school-rooms, heat, light, and materials.
Where they were able to the different com-
munes helped to defray these expenses. The
students got 35 hours teaching per week. The
subjects taught were cooking, sewing,
washing and household care, shoe-repairing,
wood-crafts, citizenship, trades laws, reading
writing, bookkeeping, gymnastics, and singing.

12) There were about 2,000 students enrolled. The young workers came without compulsion. In this way, during the winter the time passed less monotonous for the unemployed textile workers. Everybody hoped that by spring the war would be over or else the needed imports would enable the industry to get back to work. But in the spring the war continued fiercer than ever, and no agreement with the entente had materialised. For the spring and summer there wasn't a chance of the textile industry starting up. And now the government was confronted with the problem of what to do with these unemployed workers during the spring and summer. The commission did not want to overdo the educational class work, in so far as the students would tire of them. And there was a possibility that the classes would have to be taken up again in the fall. By April a plan had been completed and work was arranged out in the country for those who could leave and if for any good reason they could not leave their homes work was or -

13) ganized nearby. Colonies were set up in different parts of the country and to these the factory workers were sent out in groups. The women picking berries and doing light tilling and grubbing ~~of~~ the soil. Because so many synthetic articles ~~had~~ had to be manufactured and put into use during these war times, these young women in overalls working in the fields were called "surrogatpójkai" or the synthetic boys.

Continued next week.

Sweden

In Sweden there was plenty work for everybody during the period of inflation following the war. In 1919-1920 things were booming like they did during the first two years of the war. It looked now as if the work of the war time Unemployment Commission was at an end and that it should be disbanded like the other war time organizations. Everyone was optimistic and thought that the peace slump which had been expected would not materialize. But in the summer of 1920 the deflation crisis was beginning to be felt in different parts parts of the world and the following October it reached Sweden in full force. The first marks of the depression showed themselves immediately in the labor market. The wages for unskilled labor dropped and there was a decided increase of women for housework jobs. Unemployment rose steadily during this time. In the winter of 1922 it had risen to its highest peak. This was also

2) the highest peak of unemployment that Sweden had ever known. They had a bad Crisis in 1908-1909 but it was only 1-3 as many workers involved then as in this later crisis. So instead of disbanding after the war the Unemployment Commission was extended and expanded. In the Fall of 1920 preparations were already being made to take care of the many workers throughout the country who would eventually find themselves out of jobs. To begin with the Commission first sent circulars to the different communities and advised them not to start any unemployment relief projects until the beginning of the new year. Meanwhile notifying all employers to do their utmost to keep workers employed. The workers were admonished to make all possible effort on their part to find work and if possible to go back to their regular trades. During the war the workers had been shifted around considerably both as to work and location and many had not gotten back to their regular trades. During

3) This time the Commission was getting its plans ready to start work-relief projects in the communities which were hardest hit by the unemployment. Some direct cash-relief had to be given out in several places but as the state work-projects were started the workers were taken on these as soon as they applied for help. Work-relief was one of the fundamental principles of the relief-program. The unemployed had to take the work that was offered them or loose out as far as any help from the state was concerned. During the first few months months of the depression up to 80% of the workers who applied for help did not accept the work-relief offered and so they lost out on any public help. As unemployment mounted higher and higher during the winter of 1921 many many communities found themselves in the position of having to give out cash-relief. There weren't enough work-relief projects started to take care of all the unemployed. Even with a social-democratic majority in the city administration Stockholm

I did not begin giving out any relief until in March of 1921. More work-relief projects were started and gotten under way as the unemployment situation became more and more acute. It was fortunate that during this particular winter the weather was comparatively mild so that the outdoor projects could be carried on in full force throughout the winter. Each worker was provided with a heavy wollen sweater and substantial shoes.

The Unemployment Commission's plan in relation to the different cities and communities was this: where the unemployment situation at any place had reached the point where public relief had to be administered the city or community, if it was able to, would start its own relief projects. Over these the state Commission had no power. In the majority of cases these individual community projects paid ~~higher~~ higher wages than the state work-relief. But all work-relief wages were lower than the prevailing wages in the open labor-market. It was only the larger cities that were able

5) To carry on their own independent relief projects. In the poorer communities and where there was a large percentage of unemployed the state had to take a direct hand in the matter. In these cases the communities suggested the kind of improvements or projects that were needed or wanted. These plans or suggestions were then carefully studied by the technical and social division of the central state commission which had the control and direction of work projects throughout the country. Each community paid whatever it was able to on the expense of its project. If the project was O.K'd by the Commission the social consultants of the Commission decided on how many men were to be put to work and from which districts they were to be taken. Each communities own unemployed naturally were provided with work first. The different contracts were taken over by the state works. During the first few months of the depression, before the need became too great, over half of those who were offered work-relief jobs and who were judged suitable for the work refused to take it. In refusing the

b) work they lost out on all help from the state. Quite a large sum of the public funds were saved in this way. As the unemployment continued and the workers found their small supply of funds dwindling there was naturally more willingness on their part to take the work that was offered. It was originally the Unemployment Commission's idea to limit all direct cash-relief to those who could show, by a doctor's certificate, that they were not able to do the work on the projects. But during the later part of 1921 unemployment had risen to such a point that technically and financially it was impossible to create work fast enough to supply the demand. It was necessary to come to the rescue of the unemployed with direct cash-relief. The work-relief cost nearly five times more than the direct cash-relief per person but the principle of work-relief was upheld by both the government and the "Riksdag" in the fight against unemployment.

From January 1921 until April 1922 the depression had entered and placed its

7) stamp on every phase of community life. Consequently the unemployment problem became the most debated and widely discussed social problem in Sweden at the time. During the war and prewar days unemployment had never been so widespread. Methods used to combat it and the system which ~~was~~ had ^{been} gradually built up to fight it had never taken the foreground of the public's interest before. But now things were different. At the beginning of year 1921 the Unemployment Commission gave a complete report of its progress and principles with suggestions for changes that would enable it to work to better advantage. The necessity for larger money appropriations for handling the increasingly bad situation was also stressed. The sum of forty-three and a half million "kronor" was granted the Commission: Of this sum, nine million went to the state's railroads, telegraph system, and water-works so that they wouldn't have to discharge too great a percentage of their personnel. The question

of unemployment and unemployment politics were of the uppermost importance in the "Riksdag". The wage-scale on the work-relief projects was one of the important points discussed. The social-democrats did not approve of the low work-relief wages. One of the fundamental principles and rules of the Unemployment Commission was that the wages paid on all work-relief projects should be lower than the prevailing wage-scale on the open labor-market. In the Fall of 1922, the new social-democratic government under minister Branting asked for a still larger sum to fight the crisis of unemployment and seventy million "kronor" was then appropriated for relief. It was in the late winter of 1922 that economic conditions began to pick up and there was a marked diminishing of unemployment throughout the country. During the spring of 1922 the Commission made special efforts to finish up the work on the different relief projects as soon as possible. But the projects which had been started had to be finished. In 1924 there was a reorganization of the Un-

9) employment Commission whereby all the State's work-relief was combined and placed under the direct control of the Commission.

The fact, that outside of the Government and the "Riksdag" all control and centralized power was placed in the hands of the Unemployment Commission helped Sweden to adjust herself during ^(and after) this depression quicker than otherwise would have been the case. This central organ had an oversight of the whole labor-market of the country with authority and freedom of action in every way. It could act on and issue orders as the conditions changed from time to time. These orders would hold for the whole country or only for certain sections as different problems evolved themselves. To have such freedom and flexibility of action would mean, of course, that the central organ of control would have to be absolutely independent and also competent to handle any situation which might arise from time to time, as they were not tied down by any fast rules or regulations. Certain conditions peculiar to the

10) Swedish labor-market helped to a great extent in the manipulating and shifting of the workers and trades throughout the country. The policy of the Commission was, on the whole, restrictive. One of the fundamental principles involved was that relief, ~~as far~~ in so far as it was possible, should be given in the way of work or what they called constructive relief. And that all work-relief projects should have a definite program in that they should tie up with ~~necessar-~~ ^{necessar-} ~~ecess-~~ ^{ecess-} ~~ary~~ public works and improvements. 68% of the work was road-building. This was a much needed work for the state because of the increasing automobile and motor traffic. Public buildings, such as hospitals, etc., were also built. Machinery was used as much as possible on these projects. This policy helped to cut down the expenses of the work even though the workers were originally from different trades. / The state relief projects, where comparisons were made, were done at a lower cost than those of private enterprises. And technically, the roads, bridges,

11) etc., were constructed very well. The forest work that was done during this time was one of the most important and successful of the projects. In central and southern Sweden 20,000 acres of forest, that through age and neglect had become unproductive; was reclaimed by the reforestation work of the unemployed.

There were many conflicts and clashes during this time, between the social-democratic government and the Unemployment Commission. Two of the Commission's principles were that all work-relief wages should be lower than those on the open labor-market and that relief should not be given by the state to those trades that were involved in labor conflict. The Commission had at different times looked on as unlawful certain strikes and blockades and had forced the relief workers to work on these strike projects under penalty of losing their chance for help unless they accepted the work. This policy was bitterly fought by the trades' unions. The unions were determined that their forty years of

12) work. ~~to~~ in building up a solidarity and protection among the workers should not be jeopardized under any circumstances. In March 1922 the government had to forbid the Commission sending the unemployed out on work where any regular labor conflict was prevailing and where the wage scale and conditions of the regular trade would be influenced thereby. The unemployment policy now became a political issue in the extreme. A compromise between the social-democrats and the other parties in the 1922 "Riksdag" led to serious difficulties later on when strikes in the iron, saw-mill, and papermass industries brought on a widespread lock-out of these industrial workers by the employers. This consequence of the compromise of the 1922 "Riksdag" brought on much bitterness and a violent protest from the workers. The government then proposed a much milder application of the regulations bearing on the relation of public relief to labor conflicts. The proposition was not accepted by the "Riksdag".

13) although a certain softening of the former rules and regulations were made. But the failure of this proposition to pass the "Riksdag" was the cause of the social-democratic minister Branting~~x~~ stepping out of his post as minister. His place was taken by minister Trygger.

The unions were particularly strong during the war and the years following. At the beginning of the war they had just recovered from the terrific set-back which they had experienced in the crisis of 1907, the work-conflicts of 1908, and the big strike of 1909. During these years the unions had an almost complete catastrophic set-back. But by the beginning of the war the unions had regained their strength to the point where they were again able to show fight. During those intervening years all their work had been directed towards reorganizing and building up their strength and numbers. There was a slight set-back during the crisis of 1921-1922 but after a year or two of more stable conditions the trades' unions' memberships had risen to a new high and they were stronger

14) than ever. In 1910 the syndicalist labor organization (Sveriges arbetares centrala organisation) was formed in opposition and competition with the reformist trades union movement (Landsorganisationen). Collective agreements have formed the basis of working conditions under which the unions have functioned in Sweden. When the war broke out the changing and unforeseen conditions which followed made it difficult for these agreements between workers and employers to function. There were wide discussions between the groups as to their validity and binding power under these conditions. The employers, due to the uncertain times, and because of the shortage of capital for work-producing enterprises, felt that these agreements which had been made previously with the workers should not ~~be binding~~ now be held binding. And as the prices on commodities rose and the value of money fell the wage-scale of the collective agreements made the real wages of the workers less and less. The prestige

15) and the form of the Collective agreements was saved during this time in that a certain part of the workers' wages were held back by the employer until a certain time and the raises in the workers wages were given in the form of extensions during the time of the high prices. It became necessary during this time to regulate the wages according to commodity prices. During this time the collective agreements were not altered in any way and they were used more than ever during the years of the war and the following years of depression.

I would probably have been better off had I stayed in Sweden but I am not sorry to have seen as much of the world as I have during the last few years. As I said, I left Sweden during the depression that followed the war. Sweden had had so much experience in state or government control during the war that she was able to take a guiding hand in the most acute unemployment crisis that she had ever known. During the war the government had to take a charge

16) of almost every phase of the peoples' existence and from this experience they learned a great deal in the way of State-householding. The conditions of import, export, and production of foods and necessities of life, especially during the last two years of the war, made it imperative that the government take over both the channels of production and distribution of goods. During the first two years of the war it was possible, at a high cost, to keep up the import of necessary food stuffs. But after 1916 it was almost impossible to get anything into the country. Owing to the risk and expense of shipping, import and export could only be carried on under the direction of the government. Food supplies and their distribution were the first considerations. To this end the government had to take an inventory of all supplies already in the country and then regulate exports of necessities before everything had been shipped out of with no chance of getting anything back into the country. Finally in 1917-1918 there was a complete ra-

(17) rationing of food~~s~~ by the government. Just before the end of the war conditions were so critical that it was only through the strictest mobilizing of resources throughout the country that the people pulled through the crisis without undue suffering. Not within the past hundred years had the people been so close to knowing what it felt like not to have enough to eat. The shortage of grains was felt the hardest. Due to natural conditions the crops for the two previous years had been very poor. Especially in 1917 were the grain crops the poorest that the farmers had known in fifty years. This all helped to make matters still worse.

Industry, too, was government-ridden during the war. The prospects for industry in Sweden looked fine during the first two years. We were able to get the raw materials for manufacturing and the warring nations needed the things we made. But as time went on the imports began to ~~be~~ cut down and it was difficult to get supplies. It began to look bad even for industry. Luckily the government inter-

18) vened before all the raw materials were used up. Industry didn't like the government taking over its business but they had to be satisfied. The whole market had become unstabilized. During the boom times all sorts of new enterprises had sprung up. It was a mushroom growth almost overnight. There were all kinds of commission-men and ^{the} unlawful selling of foodstuffs went on at a great rate. There was wild speculation on all sides and no doubt fortunes were made by unscrupulous rascals at this time. It was a delirium. There were people, at that time, who actually thought that Sweden was going to become a world centre of commerce. One after the other big international commercial houses saw the light of day and after having spent its share-capital ~~it~~ would disappear completely. The old, regular, and honorable trades-men were pushed aside by these jobbers. The papers were full of advertisements of anonymous persons who wanted to buy up foodstuffs in quantity. These

19) foods were then sold unlawfully to the people who were all too anxious to buy and who were able to pay the highest prices for it. Where there was successful speculation the profits were enormous as was shown by the income tax and wealth assessments during this time.

I remember the boats going out of Göteborg with the Swedish colors painted all over their sides. The neutral flag was not so much of a safety device as England had given orders on her ships, that in case of danger, to raise the neutral flag. It took almost three times as long to cross the North Sea as during peace times. During the intensive u-boat warfare there wasn't a boat that went out or came into the harbor. It was a bad time for all. After the war the bodies of both German and English sailors were washed up on the Swedish Coast. They were buried here side by side.

I have a son in Sweden. He is now about the age I was when I first started out and began working. I won't be able to help him with a cent of money but I don't feel so bad about that. Money isn't all that a youngster needs now-a-days.

"I was born in Helsingfors, Finland in 1881. I have no real recollections of the country as I was brought to the United States when I was four years of age, by my parents. Now I shouldn't say that I have no recollection of my birthplace, because I do have one - a very vivid one - and that is about all I do recall, due to my age. You'll be surprised when I tell you. Guess you're expecting me to tell you about some tragedy, earthquake, shipwreck or tidal wave. But it's nothing like that - it concerns a bath. Yes sir, just a bath. I don't know why, but I always remember it with a great deal of wonderment. Did you ever take a Finnish bath? Do you know what they are? Well, just before we came to this country I was reaching the age where I understood and was able to talk, and I can still see myself taking my first real bath and how terrible it was. You know, Finland is a cold country and around Helsingfors snow covered the ground from eight to nine months of the year. Well, in the back of our house (as every house there) in the yard there was a bath-house. Merely a little "out-house" built of wood and divided into two rooms. One room was for the purpose of undressing. In the second room, there was a series of steps. Next to the steps there was a sort of oven (open) in which there were large stones. A fire was built under these stones quite a few hours in advance of bath-time, then when the stones had reached a proper heat, barrels of water were poured over them in order to create steam. You then took pine boughs from a box in the other room and beat your body lightly. This was necessary to keep your blood circulating, and then you walked in to the room filled with steam to sweat. As you know, steam in a room is denser at the ceiling than the floor. That is what the steps were for - so that you could gradually ascend into the denser steam without it being too much of a shock. A child, along with the rest of the family is never too young to take these baths - as soon as he can walk. My Father, Toivo, saw to it that I took my first one and took it right. After all of that procedure I just told you about, you run out into the yard stark naked and jump into the snow and roll in it to close the pores. When there is no snow, cold water is poured over you, out in the yard, which serves the same purpose.

I had one sister and one brother a year and two years older than myself, respectively. My Father had a small grocery store in front of our home, which he and my Mother ran, with the result that we children did not get a great deal of care and were more or less left to ourselves. We were never allowed in the store - the back entrance was the nearest we dare approach, which we did frequently to see what we could steal in the "sweet" line from the lower stock shelves. Altho' I did not find it out until later, the reason my Father decided to sell his store and property was because it was too much for he and my Mother to raise a family and run the store too. He could not run the place alone - could not afford to hire a clerk, and yet my Mother could not take care of us and help run the store too, so he decided to sell. As I also found out later in life, that was not the only reason. My Father hated Russians, and as you know, Finland in those days was over-run and domineered by the Russians. He had therefore decided that he would leave Finland. As he told me later, that was the only smart decision he ever made during his life. My Father had a cousin, Einar, who had journeyed to America several years before this, and had finally ended up in the lumber regions of Northern Michigan where he was making good money and seemed to be contented, from the few letters my Father had received from him. Therefore, our property was all sold and we all embarked for America. We arrived safely and with no mishaps in New York during the hot summer and immediately entrained on what I remember as the longest train ride of my life. The end of the journey found us in Ironwood, Michigan.

FINNISH

We children, as well as the rest of the family were very happy in this new country. Real woods, everything so clean and nice. It took us quite a while to understand a few words of English and grasp the new customs, but there were quite a few Finlanders in that part of the country, so we did not experience a great deal of trouble. A few months after we became settled and my Father was able to speak enough to get along, he went to work in the Colby Iron Mine as a laborer. The Iron Mines of Michigan, which were later to become world famous were just starting about that time. My Father worked a year, underground, but could stand it no longer. He was not physically built for hard labor and his former store-keepers experience had softened him too much. At any rate, as he later told me, he still had a little lump sum of money left and now spoke pretty well, so he and another Finn named Sulo went in partners and opened a small general store adjacent to the Colby mine - almost on the property line. Now, the Colby Mine had a Company Store just a few hundred feet from my Father's and Sulo's Store. Say, before I tell you about this, let me ask you, have you ever been around mining districts and "company stores? Oh, coal mining regions, eh? Well, that doesn't make any difference concerning what I'm going to tell you. You know about "company stores" then. They are all the same, whether they be operated by mine owners, soap or salt factories. The mine operators worked you hard and long, paid you half in cash and the other half in "credit scrip" good at the Company store, which place charged you three times the regular price. Well, you see my Father was a pretty good mixer, and due to the fact that there were a great deal of Finns working and living around there, he became sort of a little leader. He really had leadership qualities and would have made a good politician. Anyway, the Finns looked upon him as their leader right from the start. They had a meeting one night and all backed him, promising their business if he would open a store and charge fair prices. They all agreed to boycott the Company and refused to accept the script. They resolved to strike, if necessary, to eradicate the "script" evil and to get their full wages in cash. And strike they did, the next payday following the opening of my Father's store. Not only did the Finns strike, but every workman in the mine causing a complete shut-down. The first night of the strike my Father was visited by a group of six men. He did not know who they were, but he soon found out. They told him they would give him and Sulo 10 hours to take their belongings and stock and move to another part of town. My Father refused and Sulo became violently angry. Right then, son, I came mighty near to being an orphan. The leader of the men, a very large man, lashed out with his fist and knocked my Father unconscious. The rest of the men pushed my Mother who along with us children was terrified, into the back room. We heard them fighting with Sulo-- Sulo was evidently offering resistance and cursing heavily. Pretty soon the noise of the men smashing everything they could in the store stopped and they left. We opened the door and rushed out to my Father and revived him. He had been kicked in the face while laying on the floor and his nose was bleeding. Sulo was laying on the floor and he had been beaten very badly. Very shortly a bunch of Finns arrived at our place. They had heard of the commotion down the road and had gathered and came, ready for trouble but were just a little bit late. The strike only lasted four days longer, and the men won out. It had been rumored that the lumberjacks from miles around were going to come in from the woods and join up to do battle with the miners. The operators were losing heavy money every hour and became scared when they heard the rumors about the lumberjacks. They granted the demands of the miners that they could accept script or full cash pay at their discretion.

I went to school in Iron wood until I was eleven years old. At that time

FINNISH

I quit school to go to work. There was only one job around there for an inexperienced boy and one place to get that job and that was at the Colby Mine. They hired me. No one ever heard of child labor laws in those days. That was't so terribly long ago, either. Geniuses were working on electricity and artificial lights, automobiles, etc., but is'nt it funny there was no master mind to figure out that it was wrong to have young kids ruin their lives working sixteen and eighteen hours per day underground under the most dangerous conditions in the country? To make a long story short I put in fourteen years with the Colby Mines, becoming a full fledged "mule." I had to quit. Was laid up with rheumatism for a year. During this year My Father died. My sister had previously married a miner and my brother had gone to Chicago to work in a packing plant, so that left me to take care of my Mother and she was not able to run the store in any way as she had heart trouble pretty bad. Therefore I ran the store and took care of my Mother. Three years afterwards, she died of heart trouble. I sold out the store, stock and everything but my hat for \$800.00. After settling up for the balance of my Mother's funeral, I had \$650.00 left, so I decided to get out of that section of the country and go farther West. Nothing around there held any pleasant memories. All I could think of was sweating my heart out underground as a kid. I'll tell you honestly, I hate anything underground to this day. I went down to Chicago, where I visited with my brother for a couple of weeks. He said that he could get me a good job in the stockyards and urged me to stay. I figured it might be all right if you had lost your sense of smell, but as it was I did not fancy the air of Chicago. Well, I bought a ticket for Denver, Colorado. I did not have T.B. but my lungs were none too good and I had a feeling that it wouldn't "be long." You know, tubercular is the one curse of the Finnish people. I don't know why it is, but they are certainly susceptible to it, and I think that there is more of it among them than any other Nationality on the face of the earth. I never could understand this, I'll have to look it up. Anyway, here's one Finn who didn't get it, Thank God!

I stayed in Denver a year. Had no trouble securing steady employment there and made a lot of friends whom I have to this day in that city. I worked as a cement mixer, janitor and grocery clerk, in that order. However, I was getting tired of the City and decided that I would come still farther West. But, I did not come alone. I married a very fine girl in Denver. I had made her acquaintance while working in the grocery there. She's still my wife and still living today, in very fine health. So, we left for San Francisco, and here I am. There is really nothing interesting to tell you from that point on. I merely settled down here and we led a quiet normal life. I worked in stores as clerk for a number of years, and finally saved enough money to buy this store. I don't actively run it anymore, I leave that to my younger partner and my son Joe. I have a few things and personal business to take care of down in Central California, and I'm down there quite a bit. I also have a small Apple Acreage leased out down at Watsonville, and I'm around there quite a bit also. So you see, I'm still pretty active. Yes, certainly I'm a citizen, didn't my Father get his papers before I was of age? Well, that makes me a citizen. Yes, I do think conditions are getting better. Oh, I'm not so much against the chain stores -- the independant grocers have no kick coming. If they do it's their own fault. You know we robbed people for many years with our "corner stores". Ha!Ha! Well, anyway, people are'nt half as bad off as they think. Have to be going now, so goodbye. Look me up when you are out this way again."

Many people wonder what...

Swedish-American Immigrant.
Born 1885. L 455
Came to America in 1903. (woman)

I came from the southern part of Sweden. From the province of Skåne. We lived near the western coast and from the coast it was only a short trip across the water to Denmark. You have heard the broad and very different dialect that is spoken by the people in this part of the country. It is closer to the Danish language and is quite different from the other dialects throughout Sweden. I don't know whether it is the Danish influence on the Swedish language or the Swedish influence on the Danish. But Skåne has at belonged to the Danes several times.

I lived on a farm in a small village not far from Lund. Skåne has a wonderful climate and has the richest farming land in Sweden. Although we had plenty of snow during the winters.
many people and women and children at...

2) As children I remember we walked through immense ~~snow~~ snow-drifts on our way to and from school. But it is much easier for a farmer in this part of the country to make a living than it is in most any other part of Sweden. The land here gives better crops both as to quantity and quality. My father owned too small a place to be called a "bonde". A "bonde" is a well-to-do and independant farmer who owns a large and valuable piece of land. My father's farm was small and he would often have to work on the larger neighboring farms for a days wages. But we were able to get along fairly well. I was the eldest of six children. We managed to get enough to eat and enough warm clothes so that we didn't freeze during the winter. In the summertime we ran around barefooted. With the children growing up together in this way, there was always something for each one to wear. At times a dress I would hang below the accepted

length but it didn't seem to hurt our feelings any. We weren't vain or fussy. We didn't have any personal belongings. We all shared in the common lot. Our home was just a small, wooden, three-room house and most of our waking hours, when we weren't outdoors, were spent in the large kitchen. This was the biggest room in the house. One room was used only for very special occasions and special visitors. Our neighbors were always entertained in the kitchen. The copper coffee-pot stood on the stove all day ready for anyone who might drop in. There wasn't any real visiting started until the coffee-pot was making the rounds. The kitchen was the nicest place in the house. It always looked pleasant and homelike to me. Along one wall were two painted beds in which some of the children slept. A large built-in brick stove filled one corner. I can see mother standing there stirring the Christmas rice pudding on Christmas eve with

4) the rest of the family sitting around the big, roughly made, wooden table. The children had their platters and spoons ready to begin eating as soon as the pudding was off the stove. Everything had to be spotless and clean for Christmas eve. The pine board floor was scrubbed until it was white and fresh pine needles strewn over it. The copper cooking utensils had been scoured until they shone. They were the high lights in the dim candle-lit room. Everything had to be in order for this special night. In the stables the cattle stood in fresh straw munching contentedly on their extra supply of fodder. We were living in a hard work-a-day world and for the majority there was only life-long poverty to face but I often think how different our lives were then. Life was so much simpler. Nowadays on top of being poor everything is so complicated that there isn't a chance of really living. Our lives were

5) uneventful and nothing seemed to change from year to year but there was still so much to look forward to and so many things that we could enjoy. There was Christmas and mid-summer and other holidays. The contrast of these holidays with our everyday life was so great that they were high spots in the lives of both young and old. For us children there was the snow in the winter, we ran through forest and meadow hunting wild flowers in the spring and we went in crowds to pick ^{wild} berries in the summer. Sometimes father made a trip into town and would bring us candy or something that we were not used to having. These things were all events in our lives. I can still remember when I was confirmed and when I took my first Communion. I was about 16 years old. Each year the graduating class of the elementary school went for a whole year, following

to their graduation, to receive regular training in the Bible, catechism, and Bible history. This special knowledge was given us by the pastor of our commune. We attended these classes regularly once and sometimes twice a week for a whole year. By the end of this time we were ready to be confirmed and to take our first Communion. We were now supposed to be letter-perfect in every question pertaining to our study but as the eventful Sunday drew near we were pretty well coached on the questions that we were each to answer. This was probably a good thing as there were many who would not have made a very good showing as far as their learning was concerned although I'm sure that we were all sincere in our purpose. On the Sunday that we were confirmed the whole class sat together in the front of the Church before the whole congregation. Here we were

1) given our examinations. On the following Sunday we were ready to receive our first holy communion. This was the night of our spiritual experience. On this occasion there was an air of great solemnity over the whole congregation. We were all dressed in our best Sunday-dress. Outdoors was the shining brightness of spring and early summer. There was a deep silence as we knelt around the semi-circle of the altar. I know that I had the profound feeling of earnestness and spiritual exaltation. Now we were each partaking of the "holy wafer" and the sip of wine... "Jesus blood"..... As we arose I felt that I would go out from here to live only for the highest and noblest purposes in life. Our parents work-worn and tired were sitting there proud and happy. They had all had the same experience when they were young. I was so eager and happy. I really felt the wonder and beauty of the

life from which I was partaking. The world outside was beautiful. I could see it ~~from~~ through the window from where I sat. Later as we passed out of the darkened church into the bright and clear spring sunshine it seemed that this was also a promise to us of the fulfillment of our highest aims. I didn't see the stooped shoulders, the work-worn hands, and the worried, wrinkled expressions of my parents. They had once knelt as I had done a few moments before and had felt the same inflow of spiritual power. We were all quiet as we walked home from church. It was not an occasion for hilarity or actual rejoicing. I know now that it was an initiation into life. My exalted moment had left me and I felt constrained and a little depressed. My mother and father were both serious. From what I know now they were probably reviewing their own lives. My father never showed any emotion in our everyday life. ~~So~~ My mother was

1) a little softer but as I remember there were so few times when our real feelings could be shared. We all had our moods and deeper thoughts and feelings but we kept these to ourselves. And there wasn't much time for contemplation. We were faced with hard physical work at every turn. Nothing came easy. As the eldest I soon had to shoulder responsibilities. I helped with the work around the house and looked after the younger ones. During harvest time, etc. I worked on a large neighboring farm where I received a few "kronor" in pay. I went on in this way until I was eighteen years old. My father often talked about America. He would often debate on the wisdom of going there. But it was hard to pull up stakes, sell the farm, and take a chance on something so far away. It wasn't as if there were only one or two persons to decide for. We were eight in the family including my parents.

When I was eighteen I left home.

10) and came to this country. This gave me an opportunity of getting here first and seeing how conditions were. Of what we had heard from friends and acquaintances who were already in America they were most enthusiastic about everything there.

I went directly to a town in the middle west where some friends of my parents lived. Here I got work right away. I received very little pay. I don't think it was more than two or three dollars per week. I did housework and this meant doing everything. There were no set hours. The regular working day was anywhere from ten, eleven, twelve, hours or as long as I was up on my feet. After I had been in America about two years my parents decided to come here. I felt that they could get along here just as well as in Sweden and there would be a better opportunity for my younger

11) brothers and sisters here. My father
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My father was then about forty years old
and he was soon able to find work. At
times he would have to go out of town to
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busy most of the time. He worked as a
day laborer. I was working and a brother
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to America. Although I don't believe it was
any easier for my father. He was working

12) hard up until the ~~st~~ time he died, at the age of 60.

I was a good, conscientious worker when I was young. As soon as I was able to understand and speak the language I got work in a much better place. I made more money and I had a chance to travel with the family that I was working for. Twice they went to New York and I went with them. We stopped at the old Waldorf-Astoria several months each time. While on one of these visits to New York I met a German man. The man whom I married. He was quite a bit older than I and had been married before. His wife had been an invalid for many years and they had no family. He was now a widower. He was an upholsterer by trade and he had a pretty good business. On my last visit to New York I promised to marry him. I went back home with the people that I worked for but I was

13) not going to work any longer. I was going home to prepare for my marriage. I stayed at home with my parents ~~for~~ ^{about} two months. During this time I had the dressmaker there sewing a beautiful white wool wedding-dress. The lady that I worked for gave me a lovely lace collar to go on it. I was to meet my fiancé at the St. Louis fair. We would be married there and spend our honeymoon at the fair. I was thrilled and happy. I was then about 23 years old. I remember one of my younger sisters wrote my love letters for me during this time. I wasn't much of a hand at writing english. My mother was not so thrilled about my going away and marrying an absolute stranger. But I knew that he was alright. I was now ready to leave. Again I said goodbye to my home and family. Now I was on my way to meet my future husband. I met him in St. Louis. We were married and spent a couple of weeks at the fair be-

19) fore going back to New York. My husband's upholstery shop was quite far out and we lived in a flat above it. My husband had a good trade. He was doing work for the old Waldorf-Astoria in their expensive suites and he had a well-to-do clientele. We had been married a year when our first child was born. I guess I was a mother's type as I enjoyed the children as they came along. It was lucky that I did because there wasn't a year that went by that I wasn't either with child or had one at the breast. My letters home were mostly announcing a new arrival. It was a source of great worry to my mother. My mother was very intuitive and she must have had a premonition of my future.

My husband's business was not going so good now and he, himself, was not very well. He suffered from kidney-trouble. During

15) my a spell when business was very poor we had to drop his life-insurance and he wasn't able to qualify for it again on account of his sickness. When the youngest one of our five children was only three months old my husband died. With the death of my husband I was left penniless and alone with five small children on my hands. I didn't know which way to turn. There was barely enough to give my husband a decent burial. My parents had no money to help me with. I believe my mother was deathly afraid of ~~being~~ having to face another brood of youngsters and parasites. I could work but I had been sick since the birth of my last child and I wasn't over it yet. I know, at times, when the baby woke up at night I would have to stand on my hands and knees to warm his bottle of milk for him when he cried for his food. I don't know how I managed to get through those first days and weeks

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17) man, Lutheran orphanage and school for boys, in Yonkers. Here I used to visit them once a month. I was now able to get work as a practical nurse through a doctor whom I knew. I was able with the utmost struggle to keep the children and myself in food and clothing and a roof over our heads.

While my children were small I cared for them in this way. When my eldest daughter was about fourteen I married again. I married a Swede and with my four children we came out west. My youngest child I had to leave in New York.

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to be here. Now we were all together again. I was so happy to see my parents and my family again. It was so hard to part from them when I left Sweden. There are so many who go away and never get to see each other again. My father was then about forty years old and he was soon able to find work. At times he would have to go out of town to find it but there was enough to keep him busy most of the time. He worked as a day laborer. I was working and a brother next to me was old enough to find steady work. My parents never regretted coming to America. Although I don't believe it was any easier for my father. He was working hard up until the time he died, at the age of sixty.

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legally. They were wonderful to him and could give him an assured existence although they were not wealthy by any means. It was hard to give him up but there wasn't anything else for me to do. Having the baby off my hands I wasn't quite so tied down. I was able to get my two boys into a German Lutheran orphanage and school for boys, in Yonkers. Here I used to visit them once a month. I was now able to get work as a practical nurse through a doctor whom I knew. I was able with the utmost struggle to keep the children and myself in food and clothing and a roof over our heads.

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SPH 23

KARL RABIN PAPERS: SERIES I

Scandinavian

XVIII Scandinavian

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